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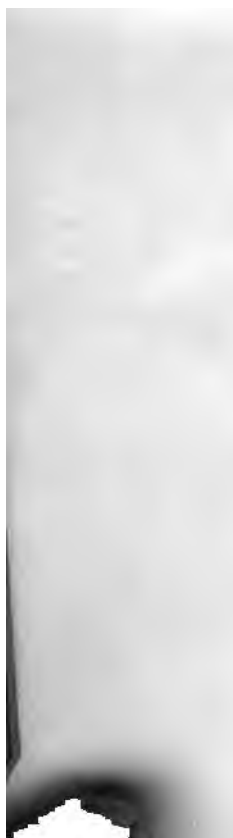
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# **SHORT POEMS:**

INCLUDING

**A SKETCH OF THE SCRIPTURES**

TO THE BOOK OF RUTH :

**SATAN'S GREAT DEVISE,**

OR

**LINES ON INTEMPERANCE :**

**I AND CONSCIENCE,**

OR

**A DIALOGUE ON UNIVERSALISM :**

AND A FEW OTHERS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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BY JONATHAN FISHER,  
Minister of the Gospel in Blue Hill, Me.

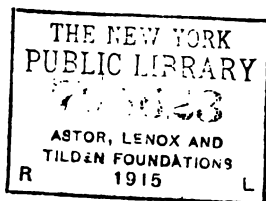
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PORTLAND :

A. SHIRLEY, PRINTER,

**1827.**

CHM



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**BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on this 28th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty seven, and the fifty second year of the Independence of the United States of America, Mr. JONATHAN FISHER, of the District of Maine, has deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, viz :

“Short Poems, including a Sketch of the Scriptures to the Book of Ruth ; Satan’s Great Deceit, or Lines on Intemperance ; I and Conscience, or a Dialogue on Universalism ; and a few others of Various Subjects. By Jonathan Fisher, Minister of the Gospel, in Blue Hill, Me. Portland, A. Shirley, Printer, 1827.”

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J. MUSSEY, } Clerk of the District  
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A true Copy as of Record,

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PROLOGUE.

Go, little Book, and profit, if thou can,  
By serious counsel, erring, sinning man.  
Tho' small thy claim to genius, and thy dress  
Humble and plain, yet mayest <sup>thou</sup> sometimes bless  
The careful Reader, and his life reform,  
Raise his low views, his frozen bosom warm,  
Induce repent<sup>a</sup>nce, and from vice restrain,  
Withdraw his <sup>a</sup>thoughts from trifles light & vain,  
Break his attachment to this earthly clod,  
And turn his soul to virtue and to God.

If He, whose blessing on these lines I crave,  
Deign by their influence one poor soul to save  
Thro' his dear Son, tho' many a busy day  
Of toil I've spent, it will my pains repay.

NOTED  
CLERK  
WORTH

## POEMS.

### *The Snow Storm.*

Twelve miles I've travell'd over hill and dale,  
And all the way, driven by the north-east wind,  
The snow, descending from the cloudy sky,  
And borne aslope, comes whiffling fast around.  
Sometimes I'm shelter'd by a thick spruce grove;  
Sometimes the lee of some high neighb'ring hill  
Kindly secures me from the driving storm.  
Sometimes unshelter'd in the open field,  
Travelling still westward, as I pass along,  
The tempest, rushing with unbridled force,  
Beats full upon me; piercing is the cold;  
I turn my face a little to the left,  
Hold my right hand against the windward  
cheek,  
And thus defend it from the beating snow.  
Sometimes I wade thro' drifts; anon the path,  
Clear'd by the wind, affords a better way  
To trip it lightly. Thus I journey on;  
The knee, some weary, gives a little pain;  
But all is well. The busy mind within,  
Calm and unruffled, smiling at the storm,  
Surveys a thousand beauties; all the way,

In all its parts, a lesson may afford  
 For Christian pilgrims. Thus we pass along  
 Thro' this life's journey. All the world around  
 Is full of storms; nations on nations rush,  
 And with a fury wilder than the wind  
 Scatter death's darts, and desolation spread.  
 Thanks to our blessed God, who gives us here  
 A little while, in this our favour'd land,  
 A calm asylum. True it is we hear  
 The distant roar of the contending winds,  
 But scarcely feel them. Still we have our storms  
 Of different kind; full many a blast severe  
 Of fierce temptation, urg'd by foes within,  
 Beats on our souls, and brings us to a stand.  
 Yet oft amidst the fury of these winds  
 The blessed Spirit lends a shelter kind,  
 And hides the shivering soul beneath his wing.  
 The snow, so white, affords an emblem fair  
 Of that bright robe, my Saviour's righteousness,  
 With which the Spirit covers me around,  
 And which defends me from the wrath of God,  
 Inflam'd, and justly, for my daring sins.  
 Nor only thus; the snowy whiteness yields  
 An emblem too of inward purity,  
 And holiness inherent, which the soul  
 Should ever love, and earnestly pursue.  
 O how divinely bright, how clear and fair  
 The purity of heaven's great King, who sends  
 The snow so pure! The heavens themselves  
 unclean,  
 Compar'd with him; and bright, angelic hosts  
 Are charg'd with folly!—Now I rise the hill;

Rise, O my soul, in adoration high  
 Of Him, who lives forever. Rise, my thoughts,  
 In contemplation to the eternal hills,  
 Whence comes my help ; and soar above the  
 world,

And dwell delighted on superior themes.

Now I descend ; so sinks the mind. Not long  
 Can we sustain the glories of the skies,  
 And soar on steady wing ; flesh pulls us down ;  
 Low in the vale we sink ; the higher we ascend,  
 The lower oft we fall. Such is our shifting state ;  
 So various and unstable here, to teach  
 Our slow, dull souls, that earth is not our home,  
 And make us pant for those celestial scenes,  
 Which death must open, where the happy mind,  
 Free from its fetters, from its clogs releas'd,  
 May soar forever with unwearied wing,  
 And drink full draughts of bliss without alloy,  
 Amidst the glories of the throne of God.

Here I must wade ; so wades the pilgrim too  
 Through drifts of trouble ; slowly draws along  
 His weary feet, half mir'd in vexing cares  
 Of present life. The smiles of heaven with-  
 drawn,

Crosses on crosses pil'd, afflictions, pains,  
 Beset him round ; his courage almost fails,  
 He almost sinks, unable to pursue.

Such are our trials in this varying world ;  
 Oft in deep troubles ; but a hand unseen  
 As oft comes kindly, sweeps our cares away,  
 Evens our path, our drooping spirits cheers,  
 Lightens our feet, and bids us happy speed.



Now we can run ! O may we thus run on  
 Towards bliss without a hindrance ! Soon c  
                   feet,  
 Wing'd with such speed, would reach the he  
                   venly hills,  
 Take hold of thy salvation, tread thy courts  
 O blest Immanuel ! And be ready there  
 For thy commands. Come, happy day of res  
 I wait my journey's end ; soon will it come ;  
 Then, O my Jesus, I shall rest with Thee.

---

*A brief Sketch of the Contents of the holy Scri  
 tures to the end of the book of Ruth ; in-  
 terspersed with a few Reflections.*

Thy holy word, my gracious God,  
 A flood of light displays ;  
 And, like the sun, it shoots abroad  
 Its all enlightening rays.

Before it human lights retire,  
 As in the blaze of day  
 The dull, dim taper's feeble fire,  
 Glimmers, and fades away.

Strike from our history all the light  
 The sacred Scriptures lend,  
 Day quickly turns to gloomy night,  
 And faith and hope must end.

Whence came the world, how long ago  
 Our race from nothing rose,

No mortal here on earth would know.  
Nor how the scene must close.

Taught by thy volume, we explore  
The date of mortal things ;  
How from thy goodness, wisdom, power,  
The whole creation springs.

How man was made, upright at first,  
And how by sin he fell ;  
Doom'd to return again to dust,  
Expos'd to sink to hell.

Taught by thy volume, while its lines  
The awful curse declare,  
A beam of heavenly mercy shines,  
To light us from despair.

Between the serpent with his seed,  
And one of woman made,  
Eternal hatred is decreed,  
To bruise the serpent's head.

The sacred page with rapid haste  
Marks out a sketch of man,  
His days still shortening, till at last  
His life is but a span.

Sad fruits of sin, how quickly seen !  
Amidst his sacrifice,  
By murdering Cain, (through envy slain,)  
The righteous Abel dies.

By few the way of peace is trod,  
The throng to ruin drives ;

But holy Enoch walks with God,  
And soon to heaven arrives.

The earth corrupt, the chosen few  
To Noah's house confin'd,  
A general deluge overthrew  
The millions of mankind.

Sav'd by the ark, a precious seed  
The ruin'd world restore,  
And in thy covenant 'tis agreed  
'To drown the earth no more.

Next we are led to Shinar's plain,  
Where Babel's rising tower  
Proclaims the pride of man again,  
And sin's destructive power.

Descending then, Almighty God,  
Their speech thou didst confound ;  
And spread the human race abroad  
To earth's remotest bound.

Soon are the glories of thy name  
Profan'd in every place ;  
And idol worship marks the shame  
Of earth's increasing race.

Taught by thy word, we understand  
That, others left behind,  
Abrah'm was call'd to leave his land,  
A promis'd land to find.

*To him a promis'd heir is given,  
To him a covenant seal'd ;*

To him the way by faith to heaven  
Is graciously reveal'd.

Behold, on mount Moriah's top,  
Obedient to thy word,  
The faithful patriarch offers up  
His Isaac to the Lord.

Distinguish'd type of love unknown !  
Behold heaven's opening plan !  
My God, my King, thine only Son  
Is offer'd thus for man.

See Isaac on the altar laid:  
Submissive there he lies ;  
See the knife rais'd his blood to shed,  
A lamb for sacrifice.

Hark ! from on high an angel calls,  
Abrah'm ! thy hand refrain ;  
Down from his hand the weapon falls,  
And Isaac lives again.

From him, restor'd, a numerous seed  
In long succession springs ;  
To Egypt sent, they thrive and spread,  
Oppress'd by haughty kings.

There Joseph, rais'd to high renown  
From low, afflicted state,  
O'er Egypt, next to Pharaoh's throne,  
Obtains the highest seat.

To him, while Pharaoh tells his dream,  
The secret, God explains ;

**Extensive sway, and high esteem,  
His depth of wisdom gains.**

**The corn of seven most fruitful years  
He stores with prudent hand ;  
Thousands to save he thus prepares,  
While famine wastes the land.**

**Jesus, our greater Joseph, thus  
A store in heaven reserves ;  
The bread of life he deals to us,  
And thus our souls preserves.**

**Joseph remov'd, Almighty God,  
Thy chosen people sigh,  
Enslav'd beneath the oppressor's rod,  
They raise to Thee their cry.**

**At length thy hand, avenging Lord,  
For their relief awakes ;  
All Egypt feels thy powerful word,  
And to its centre shakes.**

**Ten dreadful plagues its pride chastise,  
And bring its glory low,  
Till Pharaoh now no more denies  
To let the people go.**

**Down from the realms of spotless light  
A mighty angel flies, '1  
And in one dark and fatal night  
The flower of Egypt dies.**

***The chosen tribes, by Moses led  
Safe through the opening sea,***

On the deep water's naked bed  
Pursue their wonderous way.

O'er the bare desert's burning sand,  
Behold their armies move ;  
The care of thy supporting hand,  
And thine unwearied love.

Oft by their faithless, murmuring breath,  
Was thy long patience tried ;  
And oft by some surprising death  
The leading rebels died.

Still from the fruitful, morning skies,  
Their hoary food descends ;  
The flinty rock a stream supplies,  
Which through the desert bends.

A cloudy pillar leads their way  
Where lofty Sinai stands ;  
Beneath the mountain long they stay,  
With all their numerous bands.

Here, to dispense thy holy law,  
Thy glory, Lord, comes down ;  
The trumpet strikes the camp with awe,  
Dark clouds the mountain crown.

Now lightnings flash, and thunders roar,  
The mountain burns and quakes,  
While with a voice of sovereign power  
The Lord of glory speaks.

Moses ascends, to God draws near,  
The people trembling stand ;

The law he takes with holy fear  
From thy presenting hand.

Now thy commands to Israel given,  
We read in many a line ;  
Thy precepts mark the way to heaven,  
Thy words are all divine.

A crowd of meaning rites appear,  
To cleanse from outward sin ;  
Each calls a bleeding Saviour near,  
To heal the soul within.

Long march the tribes, a tedious way,  
At length on Canaan's coast,  
Faithless, they yield to fell dismay,  
And all their hopes are lost.

Back through the desert they are driven,  
Their years consum'd with grief ;  
The heavenly Canaan ne'er is given  
To wavering unbelief.

At length, the faithless murmurers dead,  
Their seed, by Joshua's hand,  
Through Jordan's parted waters led,  
Possess the promis'd land.

Not for their goodness, worth, or grace,  
Their victories here they gain ;  
But the vile bands of Canaan's race  
For their own crimes are slain.

Stop now, my soul, with wonder view  
*The alegoric scene ;*

Trace the long train of emblems through,  
And study what they mean.

The Egyptian bondage may design  
Our slavery here in sin ;  
The heart of Pharaoh, this of mine,  
Till grace be found within.

As all the flower of Egypt fell,  
That Israel's tribes might rise,  
So, to redeem our souls from hell,  
God's first begotten dies.

See in the plagues on Egypt sent  
The awaken'd sinner's throes ;  
Grace, on his full recovery bent,  
Disturbs his false repose.

The passage through the parted sea,  
The sprinkling cloud and spray,  
Mark the new birth, which sets us free  
To run the heavenly way.

Lingering, the sons of Israel go  
The barren desert through ;  
So Christian pilgrims here below  
The heavenly rest pursue.

Hear what the death of Moses speaks,  
Who short of Canaan dies ;  
" In vain to heaven the sinner seeks  
By Moses' law to rise."

As Jordan's waters must be past  
To reach fair Canaan's ground ;



So every soul of death must taste,  
Before in glory crown'd.

As Joshua Jordan's flood controls,  
Till Israel's tribes are blest ;  
So Jesus leads believing souls  
To heaven's eternal rest.

Thus, Mighty God, thy word can teach  
By emblems clear and plain ;  
Thy works recorded have a speech,  
Nor is its meaning vain.

The land of promise now possest,  
By lot each tribe receives  
Its portion in this earthly rest,  
Which God to Israel gives.

Thus blest, the holy nation fears,  
And serves the living God ;  
Wisely they tread some happy years  
The path, which Joshua trod.

Taught by the wonders of thy hand,  
Great God, they own thy grace ;  
▲ while enjoy the promis'd land,  
And then depart in peace.

Next a rebellious race ensues,  
Jehovah they disown ;  
His tender mercies much abuse,  
And worship wood and stone.

Oft for their sins they feel the rod,  
Oppress'd by powerful foes ;

Then in their misery cry to God,  
And seek of him repose.

He hears their cries, he sees their grief,  
And wise and holy men  
He raises up for their relief,  
And sends them peace again.

Ehud and Shamgar, Deborah too,  
And Barak Israel save ;  
The wife of Heber Sisera slew,  
And help to Israel gave.

Young pious Gideon next arose,  
And with a little band  
The host of Midian overthrows,  
And frees the oppressed land.

Thy sword, my God, the victory gains ;  
Arm'd with thy powerful word,  
We soon may sweep the embattled plains,  
Which rise against the Lord.

Thy glittering truth appears so keen,  
It strikes with quick dismay  
The numerous hosts of hell and sin,  
And drives them far away.

Short was Abimelech's sinful reign ;  
The Shechemites he slew,  
Fell, by a piece of mill-stone slain,  
A woman on him threw.

Tola and Jair in turn succeed,  
And Jephthah strong and brave ;

They fought in Israel's times of need,  
But God the victory gave.

Ibzan and Elon next ensue,  
Then Abdon's reign prepares  
For him, whom strength could ne'er subd  
Till lust his soul ensnares.

His sev'n locks yet unshorn, his bands  
With ease assunder burst ;  
A thousand slaughter'd by his hands,  
The Lord supplies his thirst.

No ropes nor withes so firmly bind,  
As lewd Delilah's arms ;  
Fly, O my soul, nor look behind,  
Fly sin's delusive charms.

Shorn of his locks, the hero goes,  
Nor deems his strength is gone,  
Till caught and fetter'd by his foes,  
And into prison thrown.

Gone are his eyes, in mournful state,  
His folly now he rues ;  
Too many learn, alas, too late,  
The better way to choose.

New grown his hair, a while oppress'd,  
His strength again returns ;  
Then call'd to sport at Dagon's feast,  
In silence there he mourns.

God hears his cry ; he lifts his hands,  
Against each pillar leans,

Which central in the temple stands,  
And half its weight sustains.

He prays, he bows, on all beneath  
The thronged roof comes down ;  
And thousands buried now in death  
His former victories crown.

Thus on the cross the Saviour bows  
His sacred head, and dies ;  
In death he spoils the strong man's house,  
And Satan vanquish'd lies.

Of Micah's image next we read,  
Stol'n by the tribe of Dan ;  
How fast their idol worship spread,  
When once the curse began.

How soon their wandering feet decline  
From heaven's appointed way ;  
They leave the path of truth divine,  
And wide in error stray.

The Levite's history next ensues,  
Whose concubine assail'd,  
In strong and glaring manner shews  
What horrid lust prevail'd.

Forc'd till she died in Gibeah's streets  
By Benjamites unclean,  
The numerous host of Israel meets,  
To avenge the brutal scene.

The vile offenders they demand,  
The Benjamites refuse ;

And soon in arms prepar'd they stand,  
And war's decision choose.

Now hosts with hosts contend in wrath ;  
The Benjamites prevail ;  
Thousands of Israel fall in death,  
The hearts of thousands fail.

Counsel they ask of God again,  
He gives them leave to go ;  
But thousands more are quickly slain  
Before their valiant foe.

Two dreadful days ! What hosts of men  
The vanquish'd tribes they cost ;  
Of Israel's warriors one in ten  
Were in the contest lost.

Four hundred thousand was their sum,  
Full forty thousand fell ;  
Why so severe was Israel's doom ?  
What mortal tongue can tell ?

Tho' just their cause, by God alone  
Their motives could be seen ;  
Perhaps in judgment overthrown,  
Because themselves unclean.

But humbled now beneath his hand  
By a chastising rod,  
They weep, and supplicating stand  
Before the house of God.

Once more they ask, and God bestows  
An answer kind and plain,

Once more they meet their valiant foes,  
And soon the victory gain.

Five times five thousand warlike men,  
Of Benjamin are slain ;  
Nor two alive in eight times ten  
Of all their host remain.

Their wives and children too o'erthrown,  
The tribes in haste had sworn  
A solemn oath, to give them none ;  
But now their promise mourn,

To save their oath, and save a tribe,  
Reduc'd at once so low,  
Their crafty counsellors prescribe  
An artful manner now ;

Jabesh 'tis found the war declin'd,  
The men of Jabesh fall ;  
Four hundred virgins there they find,  
The number still too small.

A feast in Shiloh soon arrives,  
They seize two hundred more ;  
The broken tribe supply'd with wives,  
The tragic scene is o'er.

O Lust ! Is this thy bitter end ?  
And are thy fruits so dear ?  
Shun, O my soul, the filthy fiend,  
And keep thy conscience clear.

One fatal night by filthy fools  
Past thro' in lust and shame,

**Cost near a hundred thousand souls,  
To quench the dreadful flame.**

**Almighty God, I bless thy name !  
As I the sacred page  
Turn o'er, at length a milder theme  
May now my thoughts engage.**

**On Israel's land a famine sent,  
Amidst the judges' reign,  
Elimelech with Naomi went  
In Moab to remain.**

**Mahlon and Chilion with them there,  
Their only sons, abide ;  
Take wives, de cease, nor leave an heir ;  
And there Elimelech died.**

**Ten years elaps'd, the famine o'er,  
Naomi now prepares  
To see her native land once more,  
And soothe her mournful cares.**

**Orpah and Ruth, the widows now  
Of her deceased sons,  
Their friendship for Naomi show,  
And she their kindness owns.**

**They follow her a little way ;  
Return, said she, return ;  
Go now, and with your kindred stay ;  
Your widow'd state I mourn.**

***Orpah then leaves her with a kiss,  
But Ruth her love displays***

In stronger terms by far, than this,  
And firmly thus she says ;

Why bid me leave thee ? I am thine ;  
With thee I'll go, and rest ;  
Thy people I will own for mine,  
And with thy God be blest.

Where thou shalt die, my grave shall be ;  
Let God be witness now ;  
If aught, but death, divide from thee,  
I break a solemn vow.

Ye daughters fair, of every name,  
A bright example here  
Demands of you an equal flame  
Of love and filial fear.

How oft, when pure religion calls  
To follow pious friends,  
Away the heart from friendship falls,  
And parts for selfish ends.

Be your's the friends of God and truth,  
Their friendship learn to prize,  
You may be blest with pious Ruth,  
And high in honor rise.

To Bethlehem the strangers come,  
The city moves to see ;  
Is this Naomi ? Welcome home !  
Nor here a stranger be.



Give me no more this pleasant name,\*  
 She said, but Mara call,  
 For this my sore afflictions claim,  
 For I've been fed with gall.

In barley harvest they return ;  
 Industrious Ruth prepares,  
 While others reap the yellow corn,  
 To glean the scatter'd ears.

Successful Gleaner ! Here she found  
 Her wealthy, future spouse ;  
 Soon to Naömi's kinsman bound,  
 The Lord repays her vows.

Boaz redeems Naomi's land,  
 Performs the kinsman's part ;  
 To Ruth he gives his willing hand,  
 And with it gives his heart.

She guides his house, and Obed bears,  
 The root of David's race ;  
*Messiah* springs among his heirs,  
 The messenger of grace.

See Jew and Gentile here unite ;  
 Fair type of future things ;  
 A beam of that superior light,  
 The glorious Gospel brings.

Time soon the scatter'd Jews shall see,  
 And Gentiles yet unknown,

---

\* *Naömi*, from the Hebrew *Nöhgäni*, pleasantness ;  
*Mara*, from the Hebrew *Marah*, bitterness.

In one harmonious church agree,  
And one Redeemer own.

---

*On a violent evening Rain Storm, in the month  
of October, 1805.*

The sun is gone beyond the western hills ;  
Dark, heavy clouds come heaving from the east,  
And seal up all the skies. A constant hum,  
Like distant howl of the benighted dog,  
His master lost, or like a long, low blast  
Thro' hollow reed, or like Æolian harp,  
Rising and falling, thro' the casement sounds.  
The cry of geese, wild from the northern climes,  
Now half bewilder'd in the mist, is heard.  
Hark, now it sprinkles ; now the long, cold blast  
Rises and swells ; the leafless branch abroad  
Sighs to the wind. Now harder blows the gale,  
And still increases, while the pattering rain,  
Aslant descending, swiftly forward urg'd,  
Beats on the cottage side ; the cottage shakes,  
Each crevice whistles ; melancholy sound !  
The windows clatter, and the chimney roars ;  
The candle flares ; and, as each gust abates,  
The house joints creek. 'Tis blackness all  
abroad ;  
Each pane of glass, a door of light by day,  
Now like an opening to a cellar seems,  
Save one or two, from which the candle shines,  
Reflected back in varied scraps of light. 3

Forc'd thro' a leak, we hear the water drop ;  
 This chair is mov'd, now that, perhaps a chest,  
 A bed, or table ; now a little brook,  
 Swelling, and spreading, runs along the floor.  
 Now with loud crash the forest trees go down ;  
 The tempest raves, as flashes of a flame  
 Beat the air upward, when a city burns,  
 Or as a torrent, rushing o'er a steep,  
 Dashes on rocks beneath. A constant roar  
 Sounds from the forest ; where ten thousand  
     boughs,  
 In wild confusion lash the furious blast.  
 The whole house rocks, as if it soon must fall ;  
 The children, frightened, round their parents  
     cling ;  
 The parents too, their trembling bosoms fill'd  
 With apprehension, scarce their fears disguise.

*Child.*

What makes it blow so dreadful hard ?  
 I fear the house will fall,  
 And what will then become of us ?  
 O, ma'am, 'twill kill us all !

*Mother.*

'Tis God, who makes it blow, my dear ;  
 He sends the wind and rain,  
 And, if he please, can make it clear,  
 And calm and still again.

*Father.*

We're all dependent on his hand ;  
 He knows how hard to shake  
 The house, and still to let it stand,  
 And us a shelter make.

*Mother.*

I pity now with all my soul  
 Poor sailors on the seas ;  
 How they must drive, and toss, and roll  
 In such a dreadful breeze !

*Father.*

'Tis likely some will be upset,  
 And sink in deeps below ;  
 Or dash'd on rocks, will pay the debt,  
 Which all to nature owe.

*Mother.*

I think it well becomes us all  
 To improve the thought aright,  
 And be prepar'd, when God shall call,  
 To take our sudden flight.

*Father.*

Yes, " Be ye therefore ready ;" thus  
 We hear the Saviour say ;  
 For at an hour unknown to us,  
 He calls the soul away.

The storm subsides ; less frequent are the blasts,  
 And far less furious ; to the south the wind  
 Wheels, and abates ; and with the wind the rain,  
 And with them both, abates the inward fear,  
 Which lurks in secret, in the breast of man.

Now calm, the mind in meditation soars ;  
 Surveys the works of God, approves, adores.  
 Why the dark storm ? And whence the rain and  
 wind ?

From God they come, for some wise ends  
 design'd.

Our barque safe moor'd, its pleasant waters  
hold,

And here we wait another opening day.

Chill blows the whistling wind, the pattering  
rain

Beats on the deck, all judge a storm is near ;  
Soon pass the clouds, we prophesy in vain,

The wind is hush'd, the sky serene and clear.

The fourth morn rises, ruddy, in the East,

The sails unfurl'd, we wing our western way;  
The wind is free, thro' heaven's kind favor  
blest,

With cheerful course we glide along the sea.

High noon the sun scarce gains, before we  
leave

Lonely Monhegin ; but, ere night comes on,  
The wind veers westward, and about we heave,  
For Townsend harbor, for the harbor run.

Not long we run, before the wind comes fair

To shape our western course, we tack again,  
Press'd with a lively breeze thro' sea and air,  
Ere twelve at night, we leave behind Seguin.

Might our affections thus take wing, and fly

From earth's vain scenes with equal speed  
away,

Our souls press'd upward towards the world on  
high,

Well might we hope to rest in endless day.

And drive thy foes, with fierce and angry breath,  
 Down to the chambers of eternal death,  
 In darkness there just judgment to sustain,  
 For slighted love, and mercy urg'd in vain.

Meanwhile the seas in rolling mountains  
                   driven,  
 Now sinking deep, and swelling now to heaven,  
 Discharge their filth, and from diseases save  
 The countless throngs, which sport beneath the  
                   wave.

As o'er the land the blasts impetuous blow,  
 Unroof our dwellings, lay our forests low,  
 They call us forth to view the power of God,  
 The desolations he has wrought abroad ;  
 Bid us, submissive, his dominion own,  
 And render homage to *His* name alone.  
 Meanwhile our hopes of lasting wealth below,  
 Declar'd unstable, blighted as they grow,  
 Teach earthly man to raise his views above,  
 And seek an interest in a Saviour's love.  
 Nor this alone ; the desolating wind,  
 To mortals dreadful, is to mortals kind ;  
 The noxious vapor, whose malignant breath  
 Is fill'd with seeds of dire disease and death,  
 Driven by the tempest, leaves the ambient air  
 Sweet to respire, salubrious, cool and clear.

Thus the storms appear abroad,  
 Govern'd by Almighty God.  
 Now, my soul, within repair,  
 View the scene in figure there.  
 When my Sun withdraws his light,  
 Soon my day is turn'd to night ;

Gloomy clouds my mind o'erspread,  
 Now my cheerful hopes are fled.  
 Omens sad at length inform  
 To expect a dreadful storm.  
 Lawless thoughts around me play,  
 To my bosom find their way ;  
 Satan, ere I am aware,  
 Takes me with a hidden snare ;  
 Pours his fierce temptations in,  
 To persuade my soul to sin.  
 These resisted, more again  
 Rushing come, like rattling rain,  
 In a thick and hastening crowd,  
 Back'd with motives strong and loud.  
 Shaken soul, what wilt thou do ?  
 Thou in part hast let them thro'.  
 Weaker thoughts like children are,  
 And would urge me to despair.  
 Foil'd I am alas ! I own,  
 Inward light is almost gone ;  
 Darkness shows its gloomy stores,  
 Guilty conscience loudly roars ;  
 Resolution prostrate lies,  
 Lust for satisfaction cries.  
 Shall I wholly yield the day,  
 And my deadly foes obey ?  
 O, methinks I must come down,  
 And success their contest crown !  
 Is my house upon a rock ?  
 Will it bear the dreadful shock ?  
 If my hopes are built on sand,  
 Sure I am they cannot stand.

Jesus, hear my mournful cry ;  
 Thou, my Rock, to thee I fly ;  
 All, that is not built on thee,  
 Prostrate, like the fallen tree,  
 Lies in ruin ; still my hope  
 Finds in thee a blessed prop ;  
 Shaken, shiver'd, down awhile,  
 Now it rises with a smile,  
 Resolution with it brings,  
 And anew my courage springs.

Now with Jesus I abide,  
 Satan tries another side ;  
 Thanks to God, his cunning fails,  
 'Tis my Captain who prevails.  
 As the dying breezes sigh,  
 For my sins I mourn and cry ;  
 Grace preventing, lust expires,  
 Conquer'd are impure desires.  
 Evil thoughts, which broke my rest,  
 Now are banish'd from my breast,  
 While my thankful songs arise  
 To the help affording skies.

Soften'd now my heart I find ;  
 New instructions teach my mind ;  
 Kindly these my soul prepare,  
 Fruitful harvests yet to bear.  
 New experience now I gain,  
 To assist my fellow men ;  
 Happy too, I learn to prize  
 Constant commerce with the skies.

Vanquish'd in the trying day,



Many a lust is swept away ;  
 Blessed God, thy power alone,  
 In the victory here I own.  
 Thanks to thee, when faith is try'd,  
 Then the soul is purify'd ;  
 Good is that which bears the test,  
 'Tis no loss to lose the rest.  
 More and more the heart refin'd,  
 Is to heavenly things inclin'd ;  
 Thus prepar'd, when Christ shall call,  
 On his breast my soul shall fall,  
 In his bosom sweetly rest,  
 To eternal ages blest.

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*Invitation to Sinners.*

Precious souls, to ruin hasting,  
 Stay, O stay, a moment stay ;  
 Think how fast your time is wasting,  
 How it bears your lives away.

Down the rapid stream descending,  
 Soon tremendous falls appear ;  
 See the jaws of hell extending,  
 Will you plunge forever there ?

O what dreadful pangs will seize you  
 In the lake of endless fire !  
 Think, O sinners, will it please you  
 Thus to die, and ne'er expire ?

Flames of wrath, forever falling,  
 Sink you down and down again;  
 Lashing conscience ever galling—  
 Will you dare the deathless pain?

Dear immortals, look behind you,  
 Hear a bleeding Savior's call;  
 Why should earthly pleasures blind you,  
 Till in endless death you fall?

Vainly sporting with a bubble,  
 Fast you float along the stream;  
 Soon an ocean full of trouble  
 Ends at once your golden dream.

Precious souls, for once bethink you;  
 Fly to Jesus, quickly fly,  
 Or the storms of wrath will sink you,  
 Where the worm shall never die.

See the Saviour kindly bending,  
 See him look with pity down;  
 Blessed Saviour still befriending,  
 See his face without a frown.

See his hand be freely tenders,  
 Seize it while his mercy stays;  
 Pardon take for vile offenders,  
 Freely take, and sing his praise.

Let repentance fill each bosom;  
 Save the moments which remain;  
 Precious moments! if you lose them,  
 Worlds can't purchase them again.

Now's the time, the day accepted,  
 Now by faith to Jesus haste ;  
 If the present be neglected,  
 You may never see his rest.

Come to Jesus, come, O sinners ;  
 Will you come ? or stay behind ?  
*Come*, and be eternal winners ;  
*Stay*, and loss eternal find.

*Bemoaning the Absence of God.*

Where shall I find thee, gracious God ?  
 I know that thou art near ;  
 And yet I sigh, and seek, and look,  
 And do not find thee here.

Where shall I meet thy smiling face,  
 O sun of righteousness ?  
 What clouds of darkness intervene,  
 And fill with deep distress.

Where shall I find thee, heavenly dove ?  
 O send thine influence down ;  
 Cheer my benighted soul again,  
 My strife with victory crown.

My God, thine absence fills my soul  
 With undissembled grief ;  
 Thy presence, Lord, and only thine,  
 Can bring me sweet relief.

Why hast thou seal'd the doors of heaven,  
 And made the skies of brass,  
 That while I pray, and sigh and plead,  
 My mourning cannot pass ?

I mourn, but all my mourning seems  
 Akin to murmuring breath ;  
 Justly thy wrath might send my soul  
 Away to endless death.

Hard is my heart, the stubborn thing  
 No kind relenting knows ;  
 O for those beams of melting grace,  
 Which God alone bestows !

A dark impenetrable veil  
 Before my face appears ;  
 No ray of mercy passes through,  
 To chase away my fears.

When wilt thou take the veil away,  
 My dear Redeemer, when ?  
 O bid the dreary clouds depart,  
 And give me peace again.

My dear Redeemer, who can tell  
 The value of thy love,  
 Till once they taste, and thy wise hand  
 The blessed cup remove ?

'Tis death itself to all my joy,  
 To have thy presence gone !  
 Return the cheering light once more,  
 And bid the morning dawn.

Break thro', dear Lord, the brazen walls,  
 And let my prayers ascend ;  
 Once more thy smiling face reveal,  
 And then the strife shall end.

I know, my God, that thou art near,  
 And thou, my Jesus, too ;  
 O could I pierce the veil, and send  
 My supplication thro'.

But why, my soul, dost thou complain ?  
 'Tis well, the Lord is just ;  
 And tho' he slay me, I will hope,  
 And in his mercy trust.

My shameful sins provoke his wrath,  
 These, these his presence hide ;  
 A life of misery I deserve,  
 And endless death beside.

Lord thou art just, I own thee just ;  
 Slay me, or bid me live ;  
 Do as thou wilt, for I am thine,  
 Thy grace withhold or give.

Here at thy feet I humbly fall,  
 Raise me, or let me lie ;  
 Altho' thy presence life might bring,  
 'Tis just to let me die.

If thou thy wanted love restore,  
 Thy mercy I will sing,  
 If not, thy justice I'll adore,  
 And own thee for my king.

*The love of Christ constrains us.*

When the Savior by his spirit  
 Finds us sunk and dead in sin,  
 And applies his healing merit  
 To revive our souls again,  
 Then we learn that heaven ordains us  
 To a state of endless grace,  
 And the love of Christ constrains us  
 To admire, adore, and praise.

While we view his condescension,  
 See him born, abus'd, and slain;  
 See in this his kind intention  
 Our salvation to obtain;  
 O, what rapture then detains us,  
 Near to God we humbly draw;  
 And the love of Christ constrains us  
 To revere his holy law.

When we read his word most holy,  
 Full of light, and life, and love,  
 Thence we learn our sin and folly,  
 Thence the way to bliss above.  
 Sin with folly, how it stains us,  
 Grace removes the stain away;  
 And the love of Christ constrains us,  
 Still to trust, and still obey.

While we view the Jewish nation  
 Chosen from the nations round,  
 And remark the preservation,  
 Which, with them, the scriptures found;

The evils of life here below ;  
 In Jesus believe,  
 His free grace receive,  
 And when life is done,  
 When our last sands are run,  
 To the mansions of glory we'll go.

Why should the vain strife  
 Of this fleeting life  
 Perplex and encumber us so ?  
 Let each day have its due,  
 As our course we pursue ;  
 Soon life will be done,  
 Our sands will be run,  
 And to mansions of glory we'll go.

To the glory and praise  
 Of our God, and the ways  
 Of justice and peace we'll attend ;  
 True holiness seek,  
 Be humble and meek,  
 Then banish all sorrow  
 And fear for to-morrow,  
 Still trusting our heavenly friend.

While here we abide,  
 Tho' faith may be try'd,  
 The comforts of life God will send,  
 Tho' pain with our pleasure,  
 May mingle in measure,  
 Be silent our sorrow,  
 Perhaps ere to-morrow,  
 We rest with our heavenly friend.

*The Power of Faith.*

**When Adam fell, the solemn sentence came,  
 From dust thou art, and shalt to dust return ;  
 Despair succeeds to guilt, remorse and shame,  
 And warring passions in his bosom burn.**

**Those words of grace, "The woman's seed  
 shall bruise**

**Thy head, O serpent," caught his wounded  
 ear,**

**Like heavenly balm he feels the grateful news,  
 It sooths his sorrow, and dispels his fear.**

**Now Faith is born, and thro' each following age  
 Displays her victories. On God's word she  
 leans,**

**With firm assurance, stay'd by every page,  
 And views with calmness earth's tumultuous  
 scenes.**

**With heaven-ward eye she pierces thro' the  
 shade**

**Of moral darkness ; on a throne of love -  
 Sees Jesus smiling ; and with friendly aid  
 Leads many a pilgrim to the worlds above.**

**See in her train a goodly, martial throng  
 Of valiant heroes ; victory forms their crown ;  
 With stately step, erect, they march along,  
 And tread the armies of the tempter down.**

**First godly Abel leads the sacred van ;  
 Thro' the long period of four thousand years**



The heavenly mystery of the true God—man,  
For sin a victim, to his faith appears.

Mov'd by the prospect, from his flock he brings  
The tender firstlings ; these as victims slain,  
He paints the sufferings of the king of kings,  
Then falls a victim to the wrath of Cain.

Next heavenly Enoch, with a godly pace,  
Marches conspicuous. Down his view he  
bends,  
'Till time's swift chariot ends its circling race,  
And Christ to judgment with his saints de-  
scends.

The faithful prophet warns the sons of men  
Of wrath to come for all their deeds unclean;  
Walks with his God three hundred years, and  
then  
Rapt to the skies, no more on earth is seen.

As time rolls on, the blood-stain'd earth we  
view,  
Red with the crimson of the vilest sins ;  
Then righteous Noah, to God's interest true,  
High o'er the throng, with heavenly splen-  
dor, shines.

He, timely warn'd, the threat'ning word be-  
lieves,  
Builds the vast ark himself and house to save;  
A high reward victorious faith receives,  
While unbelievers find a watery grave.

Great Abraham next, for strongest faith renowned,

Stands in the train ; he leaves his native land,  
Wanders a stranger thro' the nations round,  
Led in his way by faith's unerring hand.

Submissive, long he waits the promiss'd heir,  
Receives his Isaac, but must soon resign ;

"Go to Moriah's top, and offer there  
Thy son to me, I claim the lad as mine."

So God commands ; he hears the high behest ;  
Nor stops to parley ; goes the appointed way,  
Binds his dear son, with whom so lately blest,  
And takes the knife with full design to slay.

"Abraham forbear !" the covenant angel cries ;  
"It is enough ; thy faith sincere I see ;  
As stars for number shall thy offspring rise,  
And all the nations shall be blest in thee."

And who are these ? In Pharaoh's court they stand,  
Before the stubborn king. Moses the meek,  
And godly Aaron. Egypt's wasted land,  
By these subdu'd the power of faith shall speak.

And who is this ? With sword in hand he goes ;  
Thro' Jordan's flood the host of Israel leads ;  
The wall of Jericho before him bows,  
And at his feet the strength of Canaan bleeds.

'Tis Joshua ! Salvation in his name,  
A type of Jesus in his lot he stands,

His steady faith, and numerous victories claim  
A generous tribute at our willing hands.

To speak of Deborah, Barak, Gideon brave,  
Jephthah and Sampson, would the verse extend

Beyond due limits ; yet for these we leave  
This friendly praise, before the theme we end ;

These all were valiant in the cause of God ;  
Faith gain'd their victories, led them to renown ;

The noblest path to endless fame they trod,  
And won the prize of an unfading crown.

Shall faithful Samuel here be left unsung,  
Whose word the thunder and the rain obey'd ?  
Shall David pass with silence o'er my tongue,  
Who bore away Gath's Champion's sever'd head ?

No ! They are worthies, who deserve our praise,  
And imitation. Let us in our sphere  
Like them be faithful ; 'twill their honor raise,  
And show the tribute of our thanks sincere.

Elijah speaks ; the rain is long withheld ;  
And at his word the widow's oil and bread  
Forbear to fail. Faith makes a little yield  
A long supply, and long the poor are fed.

The priests of Baal in his zeal he slew,  
On their dumb idol cast abundant shame ;

. . .

Call'd fire from heaven in wondering Israel's  
view ;

And rose to glory in a car of flame.

His falling mantle good Elisha caught,  
Shar'd of his spirit, and like faith obtain'd,  
Like worthy deeds by faith in Israel wrought,  
And a like crown of heavenly glory gain'd.

And didst thou fly, when good Elisha fell,  
All conquering Spirit, heaven-born Faith,  
away ?

Are there no wonders of thy works to tell,  
Since that far distant, highly favor'd day ?

Why should we ask ? Do we forget the den,  
Where the dear Daniel with the Lions lay ?  
Faith tames the Lions ; Daniel comes again  
Safe, unmolested by those beasts of prey.

Do we forget the fiery furnace too,  
Where the fierce flame with sevenfold ven-  
geance burns ?

At faith's loud call e'en great Immanuel flew,  
And hell's bright image to an Eden turns.

The three blest worthies, from their bands re-  
leas'd,

Walk to and fro, and breathe a fragrant air;  
Nature was chang'd, the force of fire had ceas'd,  
For nature's God with sovereign power was  
there.

The train of worthies, here devoutly sung,  
March not alone ; ten thousand thousand  
more,

Thro' time's long lapse, augment the valiant  
 throng,  
 To victory led by faith's all conquering power.

Prophets, apostles, saints of every name,  
 With holy martyrs, her kind influence own,  
 She rends the veil of flesh and sense in twain,  
 And shows Immanuel on a spotless throne.

Come, heavenly Power, and kindly dwell with  
 me,

A poor, blind wanderer in this world's wide  
 maze ;

Immanuel's beauties teach my soul to see,  
 And aid my tongue to sing Immanuel's praise:

But soon, O Faith, thy charge thou must re-  
 sign ;

Chang'd as we are, let this thy thought em-  
 ploy,

Thou, too, must change, and faith to sight di-  
 vine

Must yield the palm, and hope to endless joy.

*The prophecy of Habakkuk, rendered from the  
 Hebrew into English metre.*

### CHATER 1.

THE BURDEN, WHICH THE PROPHET HABAKKUK  
 SAW.

How long, O Lord, shall I  
 Lift up my mournful cry,



And thou refuse to hear ?  
 Must I to thee in vain  
 Of violence aloud complain ?  
 To save the oppressed wilt thou still forbear ?

Why is it I must see  
 Evil, O Lord, from thee ?  
 And mischief why behold ?  
 What wasting wounds my eyes !  
 What violence before me lies !  
 Their strife is furious, their contention bold.

Why is the law set by ?  
 And judgment from on high,  
 Why does it not proceed ?  
 The wicked lurk around  
 With snares the righteous to confound,  
 Thus cruel wrong in judgment takes the lead.

Among the nations see,  
 Fixt in attention be,  
 Yea, wonder in the extreme ;  
 For I in this your day  
 Will such a work of power display,  
 That, tho' foretold, it will a fable seem.

I make to your surprise  
 A hasty nation rise,  
 The fierce chaldean race ;  
 They march, a powerful band,  
 Their wide spread ranks fill all the land,  
 And habitations, not their own, possess.

Where'er they turn their way  
 Their presence gives dismay,  
 And awful terror brings ;  
 Their judgment is their own,  
 And from themselves, themselves alone,  
 Their pride of strength, their excellency springs.

Their horses, train'd for war,  
 More swift, than Leopards are,  
 More fierce, than wolves by night ;  
 From a far distant home  
 Their numerous troops of horsemen come,  
 Swift as the eagle in her downward flight.

To spoil, and take the prey  
 They drive their furious way ;  
 As o'er a burning land  
 An east wind sweeps along,  
 So come their faces ; fierce and strong,  
 They gather captives numerous as the sand.

They sport themselves with kings,  
 Princes with them are things  
 Worthy of scorn ; and all  
 The bulwarks, as they pass,  
 They view as stubble, or as grass ;  
 They heap up dust, and scale the highest wall.

They change at length their mind,  
 To evil still inclin'd,  
 They overleap all bounds ;  
 The honor, due to heaven  
 For this their strength, is basely given  
 To their own idol, and to him redounds.

But thou art Lord alone,  
 Eternal is thy throne  
 My holy One, my God,  
 O Lord, we shall not die ;  
 For judgment thou hast rais'd them high,  
 And hast ordain'd them a chastising rod.

Thou art of eyes too pure  
 Transgression to endure,  
 Mischief thou canst not see ;  
 Why the perverse regard ?  
 Why holdest thou thy peace, O Lord ?  
 The vile devours the man more just than he.

Thou causest men to be  
 Like fish, that cleave the sea ;  
 Or like a worm of dust ;  
 Or like some creeping thing,  
 That has no guardian, guide or king,  
 Whose steps to follow, and whose care to trust.

All on the hook made sure  
 He draws his prey ; secure  
 In his deep net it lies ;  
 And in his throw-net found,  
 'Tis there with art encompass'd round ;  
 For this his shouts of joy and gladness rise.

The incense due to heaven  
 Thus to his net is given,  
 And to his throw-net burns ;  
 For 'tis by these he thrives,  
 By these in wealth and pleasure lives ;  
 By these his meat to choicest marrow turns.



But may he, must he still  
 His net with treasure fill,  
 And make it overflow ?  
 Must he persist to slay  
 Defenceless nations in his way,  
 Nor yet a spark of tender pity show ?

## CHAPTER 2.

To hear my Lord's command  
 Upon the watch I stand,  
 Yea, on the ramparts high  
 I stay, and wait to see  
 What he will deign to say to me,  
 And what to my reproof I must reply.

Thus spake to me the Lord,  
 'This was the faithful word,  
 Go, make the vision plain ;  
 On tables broad and fair  
 In written marks the sum declare,  
 'That they, who run, may read, nor read in vain.

For to a time decreed  
 The vision shall proceed,  
 Then speak, nor faithless be ;  
 Tho' distant seem its date,  
 Its close with quiet patience wait,  
 For come it will, and will not long delay.

Behold, the haughty mind,  
 To lofty things inclin'd,  
 His soul is base within.  
 But the upright and just,

“ A doom of never-ending wo.

“ But now, my friends, we must confess—  
 “ In vain the fact we would suppress—  
 “ The hated cause the world around  
 “ In spite of all is gaining ground.  
 “ Nor only this ; one thing, I fear,  
 “ Declar’d in scripture, may be near ;  
 “ I need not name the mighty chain,  
 “ But wish in this my fears were vain.  
 “ But shall we lie subdu’d, forlorn,  
 “ And be the whole creation’s scorn ?  
 “ No ! Short as yet may be our reign,  
 “ We’ll try our subtleties again.

“ These fertile isles, which round us lie,  
 “ Have not escap’d your eagle eye ;  
 “ The juicy *Cane*, luxuriant here,  
 “ Where Spring and Summer rule the year,  
 “ Shall rear its head on every plain,  
 “ And give its sweets from every vein.  
 “ These sweets, distill’d by art, shall yield  
 “ A powerful spirit, this to wield  
 “ With dexterous skill must be our care,  
 “ And make it prove to all a snare.”  
 “ Well spoken, this is bravely said !”  
 As from the ground he rais’d his head,  
 That grovelling serpent, Bacchus, cri’d,  
 And in addition thus repli’d ;  
 “ Much I have done of yore by wine  
 “ To turn the race of man to swine ;  
 “ But far more hence shall be my merit  
 “ In skilful use of ardent spirit,

“ Dame *Fashion* now shall be my bride,  
 “ I’ll keep her with me near my side ;  
 “ Her rules, you know, are more obey’d,  
 “ Than laws by Medes and Persians made.  
 “ My rightful Sovereign, if you please,  
 “ She shall establish rules, like these.

“ Whenc’er a friend perchance comes in,  
 “ The full decanter must be seen,  
 “ And round the well replenish’d glass  
 “ Again and yet again must pass,  
 “ Till every guest, both old and young,  
 “ Shows wisdom fled by faltering tongue.

“ Again, there ne’er must be a crew,  
 “ That e’er a job of work shall do,  
 “ On road, or bridge, or house, or ship,  
 “ But thrice a day must more than sip,  
 “ Yea, large allowance must receive,  
 “ Or their employers soon must leave.

“ Again ; Let scarce a meal be made  
 “ At noon without a table spread,  
 “ And good WEST-INDIA on it stand,  
 “ And Brandy too, or near at hand.

“ Again ; Let scarce a hand be found  
 “ To reap the grain, or till the ground,  
 “ Or in the field to mow the hay,  
 “ Without his gill, at least, a day.

“ Let all who on the water sail,  
 “ Be well supply’d, and never fail

Tho' his own goodness he distrust,  
Finds thro' his faith a full discharge from sin.

But he, who sins by wine,  
Is proud, nor will confine  
His feet at home ; his soul  
Craves, like the grave, and he  
Saith not enough, but fain would see  
The world his own, subdu'd to his control.

Shall not the world in turn  
Take up a word in scorn,  
And thus, insulting, say ;  
Wo to the man of state,  
By others' wealth made rich and great ;  
When will he cease to load himself with clay ?

Will not *they* quickly rise,  
Who shall, to thy surprise,  
The biting serpent play ?  
Will not *they* soon awake,  
Who shall thy soul with trembling shake,  
And cause thy treasures to become their prey ?

As thou hast made a spoil  
Of many nations' toil,  
The people, who remain,  
For blood which thou hast shed,  
And mischief o'er the city spread,  
And men and land, shall plunder thee again.

Wo to the man, whose mind  
Is to vile gain inclin'd,

With this his house to fill,  
 That he aloft may fly,  
 And firmly fix his nest on high,  
 Himself to rescue from the power of ill.

Thou hast consulted shame  
 For thine own house and name,  
 A blot which shall not cease ;  
 While nations and their lands  
 Have been cut off by thy vile hands,  
 And thou hast sinn'd against thy life and peace.

For this e'en from the wall  
 The stone aloud shall call,  
 And raise a mournful cry ;  
 The hard knot from the beam  
 To hear its neighbor's voice shall seem,  
 And in return shall make a loud reply.

Wo to the man, who would  
 Rear up a town with blood,  
 The blood of many slain ;  
 Who does profanely dare .  
 A spacious city to prepare,  
 And make it stable with unrighteous gain.

Behold, whence can it be  
 That in the fire we see  
 The people toil and strive ?  
 That nations e'en for nought  
 With pain and weariness have wrought ?  
 From the Lord's counsel does not this proceed?

As the vast ocean's bed  
 With water is o'erspread,  
 So shall the earth abound  
 With a transporting view,  
 And with a sweet experience too  
 Of the Lord's glory thro' her spacious round.

Wo to the man, whose wine  
 Is offer'd with design  
 To make his neighbor sin ;  
 To thee, whose bottle given,  
 Thy friends to drunkenness has driven  
 That thou their shame mayest view with eyes  
 unclean.

Instead of high renown,  
 Reproach shall be thy crown ;  
 Drink thou, and show thy shame,  
 The cup of God's right hand  
 Shall turn to thee, and thou shalt stand  
 With filthy vomit spread upon thy fame.

On thee from Lebanon  
 The evil thou hast done  
 Shall fall ; the spoil of beasts  
 Shall make themselves afraid  
 For blood of men, which they have shed,  
 And waste, which on the land, and on the city  
 rest.

Its maker what avails  
 His graven god ? It fails

To help ; the molten thing,  
 Which teaches **only** lies,  
 To stay his hope will **this** suffice,  
 That speechless idols from his hands should  
     spring ?

Wo to the man, who saith  
 To wood, which has no breath,  
 Awake ; and to the stone  
 Rouse up. But shall he teach ?  
 The god, which has no voice, no speech ?  
 Gilded and silver'd, but to life unknown ?

But far above the sky  
 Jehovah sits on high ;  
 His bright perfections there  
 His holy temple fill ;  
 Before his face, O earth, be still,  
 His voice in silence let all nations hear.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### A PRAYER OF HABAKKUK UPON SHIGINOTH.

Perhaps it means, upon an instrument of varied, or mixed sounds ; or an Ode corresponding with various measures.

Lord, I have heard thy fame ;  
 I tremble at thy name ;  
 Jehovah, living God !  
 Thy work amidst the years revive,  
 Amidst the years let knowledge thrive,  
 In wrath let mercy mitigate the rod.

The Lord, the mighty God  
 In state from Teman rode,  
 From Paran's lofty hill.  
 His glory veils the nether skies ;  
 His solemn praises as he flies  
 The wondering earth beneath his chariot fill.

As light, around his throne  
 A glorious brightness shone ;  
 And in his hand appear  
 Two mighty horns in dread array,  
 To give his enemies dismay ;  
 His power is in them, he conceals it there.

Before his frowning face,  
 With gloomy, sullen pace,  
 Goes pestilential death ;  
 Contagious fevers round his feet  
 Lie scatter'd with their burning heat,  
 Like living coals enkindled by his breath.

He stood ; the earth he spann'd,  
 His eye the nations scann'd,  
 And drove them far and wide ;  
 The eternal mountains, broken, fled ;  
 The ancient hills bow'd low their head,  
 When in his wrath old time beheld him ride.

I saw in evil plight,  
 (It was a mournful sight,)  
 The tents of Cushan lie ;  
 Trembling and fear on Midian seize,



Her curtains shake, as in the breeze  
The dry leaf shivers, when a storm is nigh.

Did thy fierce anger burn  
Against the streams, and turn  
Against the seas, O Lord ?  
That on thy horses thou didst ride  
Through the rough billows, o'er the tide,  
And on the chariots of thy saving word ?

Thou didst in anger show  
Quite bare thy dreadful bow,  
Thy promise to fulfil,  
As to the tribes thou oft didst swear ;  
(Mark this, ye heathen, and beware ;)  
The dry earth ran with many a pleasant rill.

The mountains saw thee, Lord,  
They tremble at thy word ;  
The floods of waters fly ;  
The vast abyss, the mighty deep  
Rouses his billows from their sleep,  
And roars aloud, and lifts his hands on high.

The sun and moon stood still ;  
They wait thy holy will,  
Fixt in their high abode ;  
Thy shining arrows bid them go,  
They speed their flight, for well they know  
The glittering spear of an almighty God.

Thine indignation burns,  
Downward thy fury turns,  
Earth feels thine angry tread,

Like sheaves of wheat beneath thy stroke  
 Thy wrath the guilty nations broke,  
 And left them pale, and still, among the dead.

With thine Anointed thou  
 To save thy friends didst bow  
 The heavens, and crush their foes ;  
 Yea, thou didst break the head of pride  
 Venturing from where the vile reside,  
 And the bare back to thy just rod expose.

Then his unvalled towns  
 Felt thine avenging frowns ;  
 With his own shafts their chief  
 Thrust thro', was slain ; they raise a storm  
 My strength to break ; they shout, they arm,  
 To waste the wretched where they seek relief.

Then thou didst take thy way  
 Thro' the loud, roaring sea,  
 With horses bounding high ;  
 Yea, thou didst march amidst the heap  
 Of foaming billows thro' the deep ;  
 The proud waves tremble, when thy wheels are  
 nigh.

With quivering lips I hear  
 The sound ; I shake with fear,  
 My very bones decay ;  
 I quake within ; O may I rest  
 The day my people are distressed,  
 When the foe rises to devour the prey.

Her curtains shake, as in the breeze  
The dry leaf shivers, when a storm is nigh.

Did thy fierce anger burn  
Against the streams, and turn  
Against the seas, O Lord ?  
That on thy horses thou didst ride  
Through the rough billows, o'er the tide,  
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Rouses his billows from their sleep,  
And roars aloud, and lifts his hands on high.

The sun and moon stood still ;  
They wait thy holy will,  
Fixed in their high abode ;  
Thy shining arrows bid them go,  
They sped their flight, for well they know  
The glittering spear of an almighty God.

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 Felt thine avenging frowns ;  
 In his own shafts their chief  
 'Hurst thro', was slain ; they raise a storm  
 Of strength to break ; they shout, they arm,  
 Waste the wretched where they seek relief.

Then thou didst take thy way  
 Thro' the loud, roaring sea,  
 With horses bounding high ;  
 Sea, thou didst march amidst the heap  
 Of foaming billows thro' the deep ;  
 Proud waves tremble, when thy wheels are  
 Nigh,

With quivering lips I hear  
 The sound ; I shake with fear,  
 My bones decay ;  
 Quake within ; O may I rest  
 The day my people are distress,  
 When the foe rises to devour the prey.

Altho' the figtree cease  
 To bloom, and no increase  
 Hang on the vine, nor oil  
 The olive yield ; nor flock be found,  
 Nor herd in fold or stall, the ground  
 Fail to repay the weary laborer's toil ;

Yet will I praise the Lord,  
 Still trusting in his word,  
 And shouts of triumph raise ;  
 My heart shall bound, my tongue shall sing  
 I'll bless my Maker, and my King,  
 The mighty God of my salvation praise.

The Lord, my God, shall be  
 For health and strength to me ;  
 And like the bounding roe  
 Shall make my willing footsteps fly  
 O'er craggy rocks and mountains high,  
 Nor let me fear the dangerous steeps below.

To the chief singer on my stringed instru-  
 ments.

#### TO THE READER.

The march of *intemperance* during a few years past has been so rapid, and with such gigantic steps, that every true friend of the nation must, upon serious reflection, tremble for the consequences. Millions of Dollars are an

nually wasted for millions of gallons of poison, which is swallowed by the inconsiderate, and thousands are made occasional maniacs by the fatal potion ; thousands more are hurried to an untimely grave, and their souls sink down into an awful, irretrievable ruin. Every christian and even every true patriot, in the view of this, should feel himself bound by the strongest ties to apply the weight of his influence to check the spreading infection. The case of habitual sots is nearly hopeless ; but those just entering upon the pernicious career may be induced to stop, and reform, and the temperate may take warning and beware. One mode of attack may have the better effect upon one, another upon another, for the turns of mind are infinitely various. I feel constrained to attempt something ; the circle of my acquaintance has my example ; the following lines, perhaps, may reach beyond that circle, and will have, I would hope, some good effect where my example cannot be seen.

THE AUTHOR.



See the vile drunkard, how he reels,  
 How like a fool he looks and feels ;  
 Reader, be warn'd, and shun the way,  
 Which leads to ruin, while you may.

### SATAN'S GREAT DEVICE.

When now twelve hundred years had ro  
 Since *Pagan* lost, in Rome, his hold,  
 And *Pope*, with every subtle snare,  
 Mounted in state his holy chair ;  
 And, aided by the Dragon's art,  
 Began to play his treacherous part ;  
 When long his engines had been try'd  
 To feed the Hierarchal pride ;  
 When prisons, racks, and burnig flam  
 And tortures keen of every name  
 Had many a hypocrite reveal'd.

And many a saint in glory seal'd;  
 Nor all his handling, rough and rude,  
 Had yet the heretics subdu'd;  
 When now, despis'd among the nations,  
 Indulgencies and dispensations,  
 Had justly sunk, to rise no more,  
 And all the streams which fed the power  
 Of Papal empire had begun  
 To shrink away, and cease to run;  
 When, too, Mohamed's great delusion  
 Began to blush in sad confusion;  
 And thro' the midst of heaven on high  
 The angel now began to fly,  
 With God's revealed will in hand,  
 To preach aloud to every land;  
 The prince of darkness plainly saw  
 His sway on earth began to draw  
 Near to a close. With much chagrin  
 He curbs his burning malice in,  
 And, arch deceiver, as he is,  
 He meditates some new device;  
 How yet once more the christian world  
 Down from its honor may be hurl'd,  
 And he, before he shall be bound,  
 May give the church a mortal wound.

While on a rock beneath the zone  
 Of torrid heat he sat alone;  
 (It was a rock, which crown'd a hill  
 Upon a western India isle,  
 For warmest climes congenial seem  
 For one, whose home is burning flame,)



Thus on a rock he sat, and frown'd,  
 And cast his glaring eyes around  
 On fertile plains beneath his feet,  
 Where wav'd the *cane* in rows so neat,  
 And toiling slaves the long-liv'd day,  
 Beneath the lash of barbarous sway,  
 Hard ply the hoe. At once a train  
 Of thought, ill-omen'd, thro' his brain  
 Darts like a flash ; elate he springs  
 Upon his feet, then spreads his wings,  
 His dragon wings, and round he flies,  
 While joy infernal from his eyes  
 Sparkles and beams. With one loud call  
 The host that join'd him in his fall  
 He summons to attend ; they hear,  
 And on the wing from far and near  
 Come hovering round ; he leads their way,  
 And, much a foe to open day,  
 A cavern dark and deep descends,  
 Which from a mountain's side extends  
 Down to its base. While this they enter,  
 And push their journey to its centre,  
 As Milton sang in days of yore,  
 Their wings & limbs contract once more ;  
 They shrink to serpents small and thin,  
 Whose hisses raise a dreadful din,  
 Loud echoing round their gloomy cell,  
 As where a thousand vipers dwell.  
 Collected thus, their prince glides round,  
 To find, if here there might be found,  
 Some throne of state, on which to rest,  
 And from it rear his spotted crest.  
 At length he feels a rising cone,

A petrefaction much like stone,  
 Form'd where the mineral waters drop  
 From some small crevice near the top  
 Of this dark palace. Round he coils,  
 And upward from the base he toils,  
 The summit gains, his head he rears ;  
 Exalted thus above his peers,  
 He calls for silence ; all is still.

“ Friends and companions, hear my will,  
 “ In fix'd rebellion well you know  
 “ We're leagu'd against a mighty foe,  
 “ The prince Immanuel. Long the strife,  
 “ Till on the cross, bereft of life,  
 “ We saw him hang ; hell thunder'd then  
 “ With exultation ; all the den  
 “ Of Pluto rang with dreadful roar,  
 “ As when a sea-storm beats the shore.  
 “ But when he rose——ah, fatal day !  
 “ Our exultation issu'd in dismay.

“ Thus dash'd we lay a little space,  
 “ But courage soon resum'd its place ;  
 “ The spirit of revenge revives,  
 “ Untam'd within us still it lives ;  
 “ New arts we try'd ; our foe has found  
 “ We would not tamely quit the ground.  
 “ Long we inspir'd the Pagan power  
 “ His strictest followers to devour ;  
 “ We made their blood in rivers flow,  
 “ To keep Immanuel's kingdom low.  
 “ When these arts fail'd, we quickly trac'd  
 “ Another plan, by all embrac'd



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When long his engines had been try'd  
To feed the Hierarchal pride ;  
When prisons, racks, and burnig flame.  
And tortures keen of every name  
Had many a hypocrite reveal'd.

“ Two gills a day, at least to draw,  
 “ And let it be a common law.

“ Again ; Let sumptuous feasts abound,  
 “ Where bowl, or glass, goes often round ;  
 “ Let days of mirth and scenes of glee  
 “ With ardent Spirits honor’d be ;  
 “ In this be liberal, or your share  
 “ Must be the name of churl to bear.

“ For young, for middle ag’d, for old,  
 “ Against the heat, against the cold ;  
 “ To give them strength, or zest for food,  
 “ To cheer their spirits, warm their blood,  
 “ To guard against disease, or heal  
 “ Whatever malady they feel——  
 “ What must possess the highest merit ?  
 “ Why this, it must be ardent spirit.”

He said ; the dreary vault around  
 Echo’d applause in hissing sound.  
 When ceas’d at length the smoky throngs,  
 And silent were their forked tongues,  
 Their prince repli’d, “ But who will aid  
 “ In this her task the changeful maid ?”  
 A serpent heard, who in the dust  
 Was half envelop’d ; out he thrust  
 His murky head, his name most common,  
 In scripture known, is that of Mammon ;  
 He said, “ Be that my charge, I’ll go,  
 “ And earth will traverse to and fro,  
 “ With thirst of Gold will thousands fill ;  
 “ The planter, him, who owns the still,

" The merchant, and the trader small,  
 " With one disease infect them all.  
 " These well may deem, if tippling reigns,  
 " Their coffers will receive the gains ;  
 " With these let *Fashion* first begin,  
 " And gild the bait to hide the sin ;  
 " They will not parley long, I ween,  
 " But soon her votaries will be seen.  
 " When these Dame Fashion well shall gain,  
 " A world of followers in their train,  
 " As pride, or pleasure, thirst, or fear,  
 " Shall prompt, will grace the spacious rear."

This said, the legions hiss again  
 A loud applause thro' all their den.  
 " Go," said their Chief, " and sallying forth,  
 " Speed your swift flight, or South or North,  
 " Or East or West, as best may seem  
 " To favor our important scheme.  
 " I, too, in different places found,  
 " May sometimes trace the world around ;  
 " But here, as in the heart of sin,  
 " My long abode has chiefly been,  
 " And here the cause of mischief may  
 " Chiefly require my future stay."  
 While this the prince of Dragons said,  
 Erect was every serpent's head ;  
 But when he finish'd, all around,  
 Dropp'd in a moment to the ground ;  
 In this their full assent they show,  
 In this express obeisance low.  
 Down from his throne their prince descends,

Across the cave his course he bends,  
 Climbs to the door, and gains the light,  
 And spreads his wings again for flight.  
 Legions on legions in his train  
 Come forth to open air again ;  
 Transform'd with wings and feet anew,  
 Each to his task, away they flew.  
 Fill'd, as they are, with burning zeal,  
 The nations round their influence feel ;  
 Impell'd by them, with favoring gales,  
 To Afric's coast the slave ship sails ;  
 Inspir'd by them, the sooty sons  
 Of Afric's dreary, burning zones,  
 Wage war, and prisoners seize and sell,  
 In cruel slavery long to dwell.  
 Inspir'd by them, on many a plain  
 The planters rear their towering *cane* ;  
 Sweet plant of rich, salubrious juice,  
 When not perverted in its use ;  
 But now, transform'd to liquid fire  
 To feed the factor's vast desire  
 Of gain, around the earth it flows  
 In copious floods ; where'er it goes  
 It charms the smell with rich perfumes,  
 And various different forms assumes  
 To please the taste ; the taste it charms.  
 And cheers the soul, but soon disarms  
 The will of all its wonted force,  
 And reason leads in devious course.  
 Not thus at once ; it may be long,  
 Before its influence is so strong  
 O'er some, who fall. At first they sip.

And hardly dare to wet the lip,  
 Nor would, if Fashion did not say,  
 " 'Tis custom, and you must obey."  
 But, as they sip, the flavor pleases,  
 Will wavers, appetite increases,  
 By repetition habit grows,  
 Resolve breaks down, the tide o'erflows :  
 Reason lies prostrate, reputation  
 Is fled, and sweeping desolation  
 O'erspreads the economy within,  
 And leaves them thence the slaves of sin.

Thus walks the wasting mischief round,  
 Till, as the mushrooms from the ground,  
 Late moisten'd with abundant rain,  
 Rise up the tippling shops, and gain  
 Abundant custom ; gather'd here  
 The rich, the poor, in crowds appear ;  
 The high, the low, the learn'd, the simple,  
 As if 'twere in a holy temple  
 On truths of deep concern to wait,  
 And thence to learn their pending fate.  
 O how 'twould cheer the holy preacher,  
 If in his office, as a teacher,  
 Such willing crowds were daily near  
 The sober truths from heaven to hear !  
 But no ; God's house in many a place  
 Now stands abandon'd in disgrace.  
 Some, who the sacred office bear  
 Of holy teachers, in the snare  
 Are fast entangled ; some, who plead  
 The civil law, in this agreed,

**With Baal's sordid prests shake hands,  
While near a sprung physician stands,  
And boasts aloud his wonderous skill  
With patent wares to cure or kill.**

**In Christian lands, the world around,  
In many a Christian church is found——  
Nay, 'tis too much to be believ'd——  
Yes, 'tis the truth, I'm not deceiv'd——  
In many a church there's more than one,  
Whose soul by tippling is undone,  
Who yet, the discipline so slack,  
Retains his place, and will not lack  
His full proportion in the wine,  
And thus profanes a holy sign.**

**See what a rabble through the nation  
Pervades each village, each plantation,  
And swarms in every larger town,  
To bear the course of morals down !  
By night how many a wretch, so sunk,  
That we may truly say, " He's drunk,"  
Lies in a kennel, street, or barn,  
A fit example now to warn,  
Where sense and reason yet remain,  
From ways so fatal to refrain.**

**Columbia, richly favor'd land,  
Why should'st thou wear so dark a brand  
On reputation, late so high,  
Rais'd by thy virtues ? Tell me why ?  
Shall the vile Demon's treachery foil  
Thy growing fame, thy beauty soil ?**



his device, though deep, and laid  
 skill infernal, seem array'd  
 such appalling power, that we  
 humble servants all must be ?  
 ere no *zeal* in all the land  
 ween the quick and dead to stand ?  
 ne to combine a worthy host,  
 e every blessing shall be lost,  
 stand well arm'd with faith and prayer,  
 ood counsel, grace, example fair,  
 nd stay this plague, though satan's last, •  
 nd greatest effort, ere 'tis past  
 The limits of control ? Rouse every name  
 Enroll'd a child of God, and claim  
 The leave to bear an active part  
 In circumventing our deceiver's art.

Say, fellow Christians, can we hope  
 To keep the mission spirit up,  
 And save the heathen, while *we* sink,  
 Plung'd in inebriating drink ?  
 The heathen will be sav'd ; but God,  
 If thus we still provoke his rod,  
 Will rise in wrath, and take away  
 From us his kingdom, and convey  
 The blessing where the fruits that rise  
 Shall show it is a welcome prize.

Alas ! what crowds of souls descend,  
 Daily to hell, by this arch fiend  
 The prince of darkness, drawn astray,  
 And lurr'd along in sin's dark way !

Not those unclean with lust or blood,  
 Nor those who make the world their God,  
 Nor bold revilers, nor oppressors,  
 Nor the black list of such transgressors,  
 As thieves and *drunkards*, shall obtain  
 A place where joy and gladness reign.  
 No; they must sink forever down  
 Beneath God's just, and angry frown,  
 In scorching flames with anguish crying,  
 And seeking death, but never dying.

Meanwhile the devil smiles to see  
 What fools the sons of men can be,  
 Proud of their own abundant skill,  
 Yet led blind captives at his will.  
 So smile his angels, while they boast  
 Their power to draw so great a host  
 Of simple followers in their train,  
 The slaves of drink, of lust, and gain.  
 Dame Fashion smiles, and Bacchus too,  
 To see the feats their skill can do ;  
 And Mammon smiles ; and Baal Peor,  
 Who once inspir'd the son of Beor  
 On Moab's plains to weave a snare  
 To catch the sons of Israel there,  
 Smiles with the rest ; and well he may,  
 For ardent spirits pave the way  
 For filthy lusts, and deeds unclean,  
 Which sink a nation deep in sin.

Come, holy Angel, bring thy Chain,  
 Cramp the vile Demon's deadly reign :  
 Thy fellow servants' tears and cries

Shall bend at length the favoring skies,  
 The high behest shall soon be given ;  
 Come, then descending down from heaven,  
 Seize the old serpent, bind him fast ;  
 Down to the burning centre cast,  
 There, like a lion, let him roar,  
 Doom'd to ascend to earth no more,  
 Till ten long centuries' happy days  
 Have wheel'd their flight in joy and praise.

---

*I and Conscience ; or a Dialogue on Universalism.*

**KIND READER,**

The following lines were commenced, and about three hundred of them written, during a short absence from home, in the former part of the present month. They have been brought to a close by seizing on intervals of leisure, intervening in the midst of more pressing occupations. As the author firmly believes that the future punishment of the wicked will be endless, he seriously fears that the contrary sentiment may induce many to neglect, till the close of present life, the only preparation for a happy death. He fears that such, too late, and to

their eternal dismay, will find themselves forever lost.

It is hardly expected that this piece will be the instrument of reclaiming any, who are settled in the belief of universal salvation ; but it is hoped that some wavering minds will be established in the truth by means of it, and that it will prevent others from being drawn away from their steadfastness. That it may at least be the occasion of preserving some few precious souls, through the blessing of God, from final ruin, is the desire and prayer of the Author.

May 20, 1825.

### *I and Conscience.*

*I.* Hail, happy thought ! My soul, no more  
repine ;  
Live as thou wilt, the bliss of heaven is thine.  
How wast thou vexed, in days and years gone past,  
'To think hell torments must forever last !  
'To think with life the sinner's hope must close,  
And death consign him to eternal woes.  
(Vile scheme of priest-craft, fitted to enchain  
The timid mind, and half its force restrain.)  
Now thou art free ; eternal death's a lie,  
'Twas bravely said, "Ye shall not surely die."

*Conscience.* Hail, happy thought !—There ~~is~~ is  
 a righteous God,  
 If 'tis his word,—“ There is no painful rod  
 “ In store, when sinners end this life's career,”  
 We hail the tidings and dismiss our fear.  
 But something whispers, “ Such flesh-pleasing  
 news,  
 “ Without strong proof, the prudent must  
 refuse.”  
 God's holy word alone can proof supply,  
 If proof thence fail, the guilty soul must die.

*I.* In Adam dead, we merit endless pain ;  
 In Christ we rise to endless life again.  
 So speaks the apostle, or in substance this ;  
 The word secures us everlasting bliss.

*Con.* We die in Adam, and in Christ, its plain,  
 Our dust from dust shall all be rais'd again.  
 Read well the context, thence it may be seen,  
 'Tis this alone the apostle here must mean.  
 We rise—to what ? The saints to endless fame ;  
 To what the wicked ? To eternal shame.—  
 Live, then, in sin, and still for glory hope ;  
 Will base perversion keep thy courage up ?

*I.* For sin we suffer, while on earth we dwell,  
 This may suffice, we need no other hell.  
 How fares the bullock, till for service broke ?  
 He feels the scourge when coupled in the yoke ;  
 Not when releas'd ; he then is free to feed,  
 And rove and gambol in the verdant mead.

**Con.** Say thus the scriptures ? Similies you know,

From nature drawn, will not suffice to show  
In this dispute, or what we may receive,  
Or must reject ; 'tis then I would believe,  
When scripture speaks, and meets the listening  
ear

With language simple, relevant, and clear.

*Depart, ye cursed, into endless fire,  
There with the devil bear the thunderer's ire,  
And with his angels.* This is clear and plain,  
This you assail with similies in vain.

**I.** If to plain scripture you confine me down,  
I may be baffled, you may take the crown.  
One point I yield ; there may be some small  
doubt

Of bliss immediate, when our glass is out.  
But all shall rise, not from the dust alone,  
But from hell's dungeon to a heavenly throne.  
Should some vile sinners, not on earth reclaim'd,  
Be sent to prison, God could not be blam'd.  
But suffering souls in hell's dark prison bound,  
Even *there* once heard the gospel's joyful sound.  
By this at length, with flaming vengeance join'd,  
They must be melted, and for heaven refin'd.

**Con.** The text is doubtful ; it may seem to  
break

In beams of hope on prisoners in the lake  
Of burning wrath ; but other texts more plain  
O'ershad the prospect ; all such hope is vain.

No doubt the Savior once the saint inspir'd,  
 The godly Noah, by his Spirit fir'd  
 Long to remonstrate, preach, and pray, and  
 plead ;

But the old world to this gave little heed,  
 Till in the deluge, when too late, they saw,  
 'Twas death to trample on their Maker's law.  
 They sank to prison ; there in chains they lay,  
 When Peter wrote, and still forever may.  
 Not in mere fragments heavenly truth is seen,  
 The scope of scripture shows what fragments  
 mean.

*I.* Will Sodom's captives yet again return ?  
 Where are her captives ? Lo, in hell they burn.  
 With Israel's captives these must be restor'd,  
 So speaks the prophet, so the prophet's Lord.  
 If Sodom's captives, why not all the throng  
 Of souls return, and join the heavenly song ?

*Con.* By Sodom's captives God may here  
 intend  
 The Gentile nations ; these he will befriend ;  
 On some day future these, with Israel's seed,  
 Shall own the Savior, and be blest indeed ;  
 But the lewd race, that sunk, when Sodom fell,  
 Remain an emblem of an endless hell.

*I.* By one man's sin God's judgment came  
 on all  
 To condemnation ; death, *by law*, must fall  
 On every soul. By one the gift most free  
 Comes too on all. Salvation then must be

To all awarded, or the parallel,  
 Drawn by the sacred penman, runs not well.

*Con.* If ought in scripture you might justly  
 claim

To bear you up, (and yet the proof is lame,)  
 'Twere this one passage. But I would not trust  
 My fate on this, *that your conclusion's just.*  
 By one transgression, ('twas the test design'd  
 To fix at once the state of all mankind,)  
 By one transgression all man's future race  
 Became expos'd to endless, deep disgrace ;  
 By one man's merit, in obedience pure,  
 To all believers life is made secure ;  
 Nor this alone, the grace is rich and full,  
 Should all apply, it would embrace the whole.  
 The way is open ; he, who will, may take  
 Life's water freely for the Savior's sake.  
 But will the wretch, who offer'd grace shall  
 spurn,

Till life's last moment, yet in hell return  
 To God repenting ? Say, will vengeance meek  
 What love can't soften ? Who, that ever felt  
 The force of each, will dare to say it can ?  
 Who dares affirm has not the heart of man.

*I.* The sense most obvious, which in scripture  
 lies,

This is the sense we should most highly prize ;  
 The text before us speaks in words too plain  
 To be relinquish'd, till it speak again.  
 How comes the gift on all to justify,  
 And life bestow, if some must always die ?



If man's salvation be alone of grace,  
 How can conditions in the plan have place ?  
 Methinks to save the very vilest may  
 The most abounding, richest grace display.

*Con.* The parts well weigh'd, to reverence  
 we are bound

The sense most obvious in the scriptures found ;  
 This I accord, to this position cleave,  
 On this the issue I would freely leave.  
 The scope of scripture plainly holds to view  
 Two different classes, all the volume thro' ;  
*One*, Adam's seed, the whole apostate race ;  
*The other*, Christ's, the final heirs of grace.  
 The *former*, all expos'd to wrath divine ;  
 The *latter*, all secur'd in heaven to shine.  
 The gift, in offer to the former free,  
 To all the latter so appli'd shall be,  
 That none shall miss ; these, mov'd by grace,  
 will take

The proffer'd boon, their evil ways forsake,  
 And ripen thus for glory ; all the rest  
 Will pass in sin the period of their test,  
 In sin be harden'd, unrelenting still  
 Retain in torments their rebellious will.  
 Take, ye who please, the rich abounding gift,  
 To heaven in love your hearts relenting lift,  
 You'll then with joy by sweet experience know  
 The gift can justify, and life bestow ;  
 These mild conditions do not form the ground  
 On which sustain'd the gift of grace is found,  
 But so conditions, that, if grace be spurn'd,  
 We lose salvation, tho' it can't be earn'd.

God often does the worst of sinners move  
 By his free spirit to receive his love ;  
 This magnifies the gift of grace, but still  
 God, as a sovereign, moves but whom he will.  
 In making scripture sweetly harmonize  
 Our greatest wisdom in explaining lies.

*I.* Since you insist on scope of scripture now,  
 Their scope reveals a time, you must allow,  
 (The scriptures witness) when all things restor'd  
 Will be submissive to creation's Lord.  
 The Mediator is ordain'd to reign,  
 Nor hold the sceptre, nor the throne in vain,  
 Till every creature, high and low, shall own  
 The power and kingdom is the Lord's alone.  
 Then every knee shall bow, and praise be given  
 By all on earth, by all in hell and heaven.  
 What need we more, as proof divine, to show  
 That all in heaven, and all on earth below,  
 And all in hell, shall then, reclaim'd and blest,  
 Join one sweet song, confirm'd in endless rest !

*Con.* To the poor convict, in a prison bound,  
 Expecting death, how sweet would be the sound  
 Of general pardon ! But on earth how few  
 Share the rich blessing. Here and there we view  
 A lonely case ; while general justice claims  
 The death of thousands. What a throng of  
     names  
 Have made their exit, where good laws have  
     reign'd,  
 That general order might be well sustain'd.  
 It is no wonder sinners, doom'd of God

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r wrath, and howlings, and tremendous  
 pain,  
 le sin's due merit they at length sustain,  
 raise his justice. Death and dark despair  
 left in hell to reign forever there.

The rich man's case, if 'twere a history  
 given  
 mercy sought by one in hell from heaven,  
 d not be literal truth. A soul have eyes ?  
 e and a tongue ?—Suppose a spirit flies  
 o' burning flames with water ne'er so cool  
 u from the fountain, he must be a fool  
 o, tho' in misery, would indulge the hope  
 ind a cordial in the scalding drop.

m. In hell are fools. But waving this,  
 you know  
 guage in figures can suffice to show  
 his high and glorious with peculiar force,  
 energy sublime. Trace to their source  
 figures here. The following truths they  
 teach

1 all the force of plain and literal speech ;  
 t ; That the pious will, tho' poor, ascend,  
 voy'd by angels to the ancient friend  
 od, the patriarch, in whose seed are blest  
 who on Christ in true reliance rest.  
 t ; That the wicked, tho' they live in state  
 earth, in riches and in honors great,  
 t at their death sink down in flames to dwell,  
 re God's strict justice has prepar'd a hell  
 sinning angels. 'Twixt this awful place

And heaven is fix'd an intervening space,  
 Which none can pass. The saints, in heaven  
     secure,  
 Shall find their bliss thro' endless years endure;  
 But those condemn'd in hell's dark vault must  
     lie,  
 Barr'd out forever from the blissful sky.

*I.* The scriptures teach that all events must be  
 Fixt from the first on God's all wise decree;  
 That God's vast power no creature can control;  
 Who then can think that he would make a soul  
 For endless wo?—Tho' in one mighty band  
 Earth league against it, his decrees will stand.

*Con.* Yes, God's decrees the universe sustain,  
 His holy purpose to resist is vain.  
 His power is boundless. If it were his will,  
 He could preserve the universe from ill  
 In all its parts. If not, then ill might run  
 Thro' endless years, and millions be undone  
 In spite of heaven. This lower world we know  
 Even now abounds with wretchedness and wo;  
 If on the will of creatures all depend,  
 Who knows how far the mischief may extend?  
 But God is good, almighty, just and wise,  
 Nor will he suffer sin and wo to rise  
 One cubit higher, than the needful pain,  
 From new revolt his kingdom to restrain.  
 Pain is, and has been; who but God can see  
 Why 'tis not needful pain should always be?  
 That men and angels can indulge in sin,  
 And merit wrath, is plain from what has been;

That some forever should deserve and take  
 An awful portion in a burning lake,  
 Tho' man's weak reason may against it rise,  
 The omniscient God may see it just and wise.  
 From first to last by him, and him alone,  
 Events yet future are completely known ;  
 We know what *will be*, as *his word* reveals,  
 We pry in vain for what his will conceals.

*I.* You drive me to the scriptures ; I confess  
 'Tis right on these to lay the greatest stress  
 In this debate. The scriptures must declare  
 How long, or short, the future sufferings are.  
 But God is good to all, so David said ;  
 O'er all his works his tender mercies spread.  
 Can this be true, if some forever miss  
 The way of life, while others reign in bliss ?

*Con.* 'Twas good in God to give his only Son  
 To die on Calvary for a world undone ;  
 Then for repentance to allow a space,  
 And send the gospel and the means of grace  
 Was tender mercy.—Then so long to bear  
 With creatures proud and vile, who boldly dare  
 Much to insult him, this is mercy too ;  
 But he, whose mercy is so great, is true  
 To all his attributes ; his justice claims  
 A worthy place among his sacred names.  
 On harden'd sinners, when his wrath shall fall,  
 The dreadful sentence he will ne'er recall ;  
 The word declares that such at last will go  
 To bear the weight of everlasting wo.

I. The mighty hills in ancient story fam'd,  
 Are in the scriptures everlasting nam'd ;  
 With earth they stand, but must with earth  
 decay,  
 When wrapt in flames the earth shall waste  
 away.

The wo of sinners may be long no doubt,  
 And still the period of their wo run out.  
 May longer last, than everlasting hills,  
 While God their cup of bitter vengeance fills,  
 Nor yet be endless. When their debt is paid,  
 They may come forth in heavenly robes array'd.

*Con.* That *everlasting* from its natural sense  
 Sometimes departs, admits of good defence ;  
 When thus it does, the meaning we must gain  
 From some connexion, which may make it  
 plain.

Hills, *everlasting* call'd, it's true expire,  
 When earth itself must be consum'd with fire.  
 But when the subject may the sense admit  
 In common use, to take it so is fit.  
 The plain strict sense the greek would here  
 express,

If to its fountain we the term shall trace,  
 Which may be done by help of learned page,  
 Is *always being ; ever during age.*

Who doubts the endless, happy life of those  
 Who die in Christ ? The Holy Spirit chose  
 The self-same terms to fix the future date  
 Of pain and woe in that tremendous state,  
 To which the sinner sinks. 'Tis quite unjust,

If in our reasoning we the inference first  
Assume, which should be prov'd, then strive to  
bend

Plain terms aside to aid a favorite end.  
The sacred gospel in the greek explore;  
There stands the term a score of times, or  
more,

Translated *everlasting*; there, save where to  
pains,

To desolation, punishment, and chains  
The word applies, it may by all be seen  
That nothing short of *endless* it can mean;  
Why then restrict it, when the sinner's doom  
It would determine in the world to come?  
So oft for endless Christ's disciples use it,  
If here we limit, plainly we abuse it.

That souls condemn'd their debt will ever  
pay,  
And rise from prison to the realms of day,  
Such souls may wish, but where does all the  
*word*  
Of such event one cheering hint afford?

I. Christ paid our debt; if sinners then  
believe  
At length his gospel and his grace receive,  
Tho' long ere this to hell's dark prison thrown,  
God will restore them and the payment own.  
Why may not suffering in the next world prove  
Means to reclaim and win the sinner's love?

Cons. To this in part I have repli'd before,  
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Cons. To this in part I have repli'd before,

But here may add in brief a few words more.  
 Should souls in hell by faith sincere embrace  
 The holy Savior and accept his grace,  
 They might, perhaps, be pardon'd; still, per-  
       haps,

Not thus; let time of present life elapse,  
 Conditions all may fail them; then *too late*  
 They must apply, and plead at heaven's gate.  
 If not, what ground to hope that future pain,  
 Sent to reform would not be sent in vain?  
 When was the robber, when the thief by force  
 Of scourge, or prison, led to change his course?  
 The sacred vials of the wrath of God  
 Are pour'd on sinners; while they feel the rod,  
 They still provoke him, and blaspheme his  
       name;

Vain is the hope that vengeance will reclaim.  
 Six thousand years their course have almost  
       run,

Since fallen angels were by sin undone,  
 Mean while a heavy weight of wrath divine  
 Has rested on them, but they cleave to sin.

#### PART SECOND.

*I.* If, as the scriptures *do appear* to show,  
 All things from God's eternal purpose flow,  
 Then men and angels, be they what they may,  
 The law of strong necessity obey.  
 But can a God, whose very name is love,  
 Blest in himself, and blessing all above,  
 Millions of angels, and of men, compel

firm decree in endless pains to dwell ?  
 rocks the soul ; for gentle ears it sounds  
 harsh, and every tender feeling wounds !

*Ans.* The lamb that bleeds beneath the  
 shepherd's knife,  
 looks, and seems to say, " O spare my  
 life,"

feel it hard, when innocent, to die,  
 with its flesh the shepherd's board supply.  
 lions of emmets, when a field we burn  
 in the flame ; but can we not discern,  
 lamb, the emmet, as of man you say,  
 law of hard necessity obey ?

lamb, or emmet, at our will resign  
 , sweet to them, and we mean while design  
 equal good, it must in us be *vile*,  
 kind, yea cruel ! Nay, you need not smile ;  
 this alone, *a greater good to gain*,  
 which makes it right to give the smallest pain.

compar'd with him, who built the earth and  
 skies,

that good immense might into being rise,  
 all are emmets ; and a thousand years  
 as a day in his account appears.

knows what should be ; who but he can tell  
 if sin has being, why a burning hell ?  
 would we but search the works of God through-  
 out,

dom immense we might perceive no doubt  
 all he wills to be. Suppose we *this*,

That endless pain subserves the caus  
 And may be managed by unbounded  
 The greatest sum of happiness to fill !  
 May not that Being, who the truth mu  
 Say of this pain, most wisely, *Be it so*  
 Methinks he may. But here we all sh  
 One thing in scripture taught, nor the  
 We feel it in ourselves ; *Heaven's hig*  
*Is so fulfill'd, that every man is free*  
*To will whate'er he pleases ;* free to ch  
 The way of life, and death's dark way  
 Or, disregarding God's and reason's  
 Choose death, and glory in his fatal c  
 If, warn'd by heaven to choose the be  
 We stop our ears, and with a stubborn  
 Feel pleas'd with sin, and sinful habit  
 And here grow ripe for an eternal sto  
 Of future vengeance, who can justly b  
 God, or his counsels, or impeach his  
 God never did, and never will compel  
 By force, a man, or angel, to rebel,  
 Nor by persuasion. Yet events may  
 In such connexion, fix'd by his wise h  
 That things perceiv'd, as motives, ma  
 With some to stand, while others y  
 fail.

Here's the grand puzzle, How it can  
 That all events just what they *are* are  
 By God's decree, and yet all creature  
 Free, as they please to purpose, or to  
 And are thus free.—But 'tis our narr

Which makes the puzzle ; by our sins made  
blind,

We rove bewilder'd in some devious way,  
And miss the path where all is light and day.  
The tide flows freely ; mounds and dykes re-  
strain

Within due bounds the tossing, towering main ;  
But in its nature still the flood remains,  
Free in itself, in spite of all its chains.

The righteous sufferings of an endless date  
In some, secure a persevering state  
Of holiness in others. Thousands lie  
In pangs of death, that millions ne'er may die.  
The pain of hell an endless barrier forms,  
Lest sin o'erflow, and fill the world with storms.

Be this our axiom, *God is wise and just ;*  
Let who will suffer, then, he suffer must,  
Or for his sin, or by his own consent,  
On some good purpose, like the Savior bent.

A while the thought of heaven's decree lay  
by,

Say future actions all contingent lie,  
Unfixt, unknown ; What is, and has been, may,  
For ought we know, take place another day.

Rebellion has been ; man's unstable will  
May turn to sin, and raise rebellion still.

So may the will of angels, till the world  
In one vast chaos of confusion hurl'd,  
Be full of woe. As souls can never cease  
To be, the woe forever may increase.

Shocks this the soul ? Does pity feel a wound,  
And gentle ears revolt from such a sound ?

Full well they may. Far better to endure  
 The thought of pain eternal, made secure  
 Within strict limits ; pain, the due reward  
 Of wilful sin against a holy Lord,  
 While he, great Sovereign, suffers sin to rise  
 So high, nor higher than may just suffice  
 Millions of worlds in constant bands to hold  
 Of pure allegiance, and his name unfold  
 In all its glory. That it will be thus  
 Not our weak reason must decide for us,  
 But his blest volume ; let us well survey  
 The scope of this, it will our pains repay.

*I.* I own the scriptures not so plainly show  
 A final close of future sin and woe,  
 As I could wish ; they rather hint the thing,  
 Than full conviction to the inquirer bring.  
 Long penal sufferings they may seem to teach,  
 Yea, everlasting for the single breach  
 Of one command. But may not this be done  
 To awe the unwary, lest too far they run  
 In sin's career, and lengthen out their doom  
 To painful sufferings in the world to come ?  
 Mov'd by the fear of everlasting death,  
 They may be virtuous, and resign their breath  
 When summon'd hence, with better hopes to rise  
 Quick from their death-bed to the blissful  
 skies.  
 But minds more stable, and of wider ken  
 May in the word for all the race of men  
 Find grace, deep treasur'd from the vulgar  
 throng,

And draw it forth to raise a thankful song.

*Cons.* If on the scriptures you would raise  
your scheme,  
Those very scriptures you must make a dream  
Unworthy of your trust. Arts you employ  
Your framè to strengthen, which its base des-  
troy.

If such plain language, as the scriptures use  
Of endless suffering, we may dare refuse,  
And build a system so immensely great,  
As yours, on hints that scarce can bear the  
weight

Of motes and feathers, we may well dismiss  
The word at once, and dream no more of *bliss*  
On scripture grounds, and infidels may turn,  
And Jesus Christ and his salvation scorn.  
Are you decided? Say, in calm review,  
Do you, or not, admit the scriptures true?

*I.* I sometimes doubt, but on the whole be-  
lieve;

The prophecies constrain me to receive,  
And treat with honor, deference and respect,  
What otherwise I might, perhaps, neglect.  
If there's a God, and he be good and just,  
And kind, and worthy of his creatures' trust,  
He would not leave them to so large extent  
To lean on fables, as the plain event  
Proves, if the book so many highly prize,  
Be but a mass of forgeries and lies.  
I own the scriptures are a book divine,



Whence beams of light, and grace, and glory  
shine.

*Cons.* Hear, then, the word.—The substance  
I shall quote,  
And would with care the obvious meaning note;  
The hypocrite may hope; his earthly gains  
may rise;  
God takes his soul; his expectation dies.  
The thoughts of bliss, which fill'd his vacant  
head,  
Were dreams suspended on a spider's thread,  
Which breaks at death, then scatter'd o'er the  
ground  
His airy house is all in ruin found.  
But if at death the hypocrite should find  
Eternal glory for his lot design'd,  
When some few ages shall have pass'd away,  
Would his hope leave him in such sad dismay?  
Princes are powerful, and in thought may  
claim  
Beyond the grave to share eternal fame;  
But the vain thought must leave them, with  
their breath,  
To sink despairing in eternal death,  
Save on the God of Jacob they rely,  
And rest their hope on him who built the sky.  
The man of God, belov'd and much caress'd,  
With revelations in abundance blest,  
Declares that many from the dust shall rise,  
That life and glory shall reward the wise;  
But burning shame and deep contempt be cast

**On all the rest, while endless ages last.**

**Thy hand offending, sever from thine arm,  
Thus to be maim'd, and live, how small the  
harm ;**

**But to descend with both our hands to dwell  
Wrapt in the ne'er extinguish'd fire of hell,  
Where the worm, deathless, will not cease to  
tear**

**The very vitals, must be hard to bear.**

**Thy foot offending, amputate, and leave  
Behind, and go, and heavenly peace receive,  
Much rather, than with both the feet descend,  
Where burning wrath and guilt shall never end.**

**Thine eye offending, from the socket torn,  
Freely dismiss, the loss you'll hardly mourn,  
When heaven rewards with never ending bliss ;  
But, both eyes favoring, endless joy to miss,  
And sink to hell, where galling conscience  
wrings**

**The soul with anguish, while with deadly stings  
It wounds forever—O how great the loss !  
How far more wise to bear an earthly cross.**

**To those once bidden to a sumptuous feast,  
Who scorn'd the invitation, 'tis express'd  
In terms direct, that they shall never taste  
Of that rich supper ; all their names eras'd  
From life's fair book, to endless famine driven,  
They ne'er shall share the pleasant fruits of  
heaven.**

When the wise Virgins, with their lamps  
 alive,  
 To meet their Lord, at heaven's fair gates ar-  
 rive,  
 They find a welcome, enter and are bless'd ;  
 But the strong door is barr'd against the rest.  
 They plead for entrance, but in vain they plead,  
 Disown'd, rejected, they are lost indeed.

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way  
 Which leads to life ; but few the word obey,  
 And gain the prize. Perdition's gate is wide,  
 And broad the way of death, and, side by side,  
 Admits ten-thousands. But will these return,  
 And leave the quenchless flames of wrath to  
 burn  
 Without their fuel ? Will they be receiv'd  
 Where few shall enter ? Was the Lord de-  
 ceiv'd,  
 Nor knew that all in long successive train  
 Should soon or late the heavenly mansions  
 gain ?

Except of water and the Spirit born,  
 None see God's kingdom, but must go forlorn  
 To dwell with satan ; will they be renew'd,  
 And sanctify'd in hell ? Or foul with sin in-  
 trude,  
 Where no defilement enters ?—What is said  
 In God's blest word, when life and time are  
 fled ?  
*Then comes the night, when none can work. The  
 day*

Of man's probation then is pass'd away.  
 Except on earth my heaven shall be begun,  
 This single sentence leaves my soul undone.

*I.* Since to the scriptures you would have me  
 cleave,  
 Ere you proceed you'll doubtless give me leave  
 One passage more from holy writ to name,  
 Which may a serious explanation claim.

The Son eternal by his God we find  
 With glory crown'd, that he for all mankind  
 Might taste of death; the cause of this was  
 grace;

And did he die in vain? Or will the race  
 Of man entire from sin and death be rais'd,  
 That grace abounding may by all be prais'd?  
 If, as it is, it may be *truly* said,  
 He died for all, then all indeed were dead,  
 Why die for dead men, if they still must lie  
 Dead in their sins, I ask the reason why?

*Cons.* I deem it no intrusion, you are free  
 To state the scriptures unprov'd by me.  
 Through grace the Savior has the curse sus-  
 tain'd

For all men once, and has for all obtain'd  
 A way to pardon; where the gospel sounds,  
 Richly for dying sinners grace abounds;  
 Pardon and peace, and life, and joy, and hea-  
 ven,

To all repenting, are most freely given.  
 All have a power to understand, to feel,

And what the scriptures for their use reveal  
 To choose, if 'tis their pleasure ; what then  
     more  
 Needs to be done to open heaven's door  
 To all who hear ? They're left without excuse,  
 And if they perish, 'tis for vile abuse  
 Of offer'd mercy. But a sovereign Lord  
 May or withhold, or add his powerful word,  
 'To change their hearts ; his all-pervading eye,  
 If he withhold, perceives the reason why ;  
 And, all things weigh'd, must know it will be  
     best  
 To leave them short of his eternal rest.

*I.* I add no more ; the labor would be vain,  
 While thus you choose the scriptures to ex-  
     plain.  
 Nor do I blame you, what you say seems fair,  
 But should be weigh'd with persevering care.  
 I own I waver. I might shut my eyes,  
 And say at once your reasonings are but lies,  
 But this I will not ; if I should, I know  
 That mere assertion cannot make them so.  
 It may be safe in all at least to fear  
 That endless death will close the mad career  
 Of headstrong sinners. Let us now repent,  
 Believe on Christ, and wait the great event,  
 When, far away the clouds of darkness roll'd,  
 The light of heaven will all the truth unfold.

*Cons.* Not from the wish to give a moment's  
     pain,  
 Do I your doctrine to the test arraign ;

But fear lest error in the head should make  
 The heart decline, and ways of danger take.  
 If in the end *your* system should be true,  
 I still am safe ; if *mine*, O where are you !  
 One passage more, 'tis near the bible's close,  
 May help your system further to expose.  
 Thus speaks the Savior, just as time has done  
 His revolutions round the expiring sun,  
 'Tis man's last sentence, ' He that is unjust,  
 ' So let him be ; and he, defil'd with lust,  
 ' Be filthy still ; and he, that's righteous found,  
 ' Still may his truth and righteousness abound.  
 ' The pure and holy, henceforth let them be  
 ' From sin and folly ever pure and free.'  
 This puts a seal on all the future doom ;  
 On that of saints for endless joys to come ;  
 On that of sinners for an endless state  
 Of shame, dishonor, misery, and hate.  
 It shuts the scene, the righteous are enclos'd,  
 The rest left out, to endless wrath expos'd.

## CONCLUSION.

I start from slumber.—'Tis the trumpet's  
 sound ;  
 " Awake, ye dead ; the judgment seat sur-  
 round."  
 The Judge appears ; a throne, sublime in  
 height,  
 On cloudy pillars, and of snowy white,  
 His awful seat ; the parting heavens retire,  
 The earth enkindles with devouring fire ;

The graves their treasur'd dust, the seas their  
charge

Resign together ; millions walk at large  
On earth's broad surface, then on clouds ascend,

Where plains ethereal far and wide extend  
Before Immanuel. Guided by his hand,  
Or on the right, or on the left they stand.  
The righteous on the right, their joys begin ;  
The wicked on the left, defil'd with sin,  
Tremble with fear. A deep and general awe  
Commands wide silence, while the eternal law  
Unfolds its pages.—' Come, ye blest, and take  
' In my great name, prepar'd for my own sake,  
' A heavenly kingdom.—Ye my hunger fed,  
' And quench'd my thirst ; when sick, ye made  
my bed ;

' And when a stranger, to your homes ye led,  
' And o'er me, naked, friendly garments spread.  
' And when in prison, to my help appear'd,  
' And there my grief with friendly visits cheer'd.'

With modest look, and humble, downcast  
eye,

Then to their Judge the righteous thus reply,  
' When saw we thee, thus hungry, sick, and  
poor,  
' And thus suppli'd thee with the needful  
store ?'

The King rejoins ; ' When thus the least of all  
' My friends ye pity, I receive it all  
' As done to me.' His flaming eyes he turns  
Then to the left ; his holy anger burns—

'Depart, ye curs'd, to everlasting fire,  
 'Such as the deeds of devils well require.  
 'My thirst, my hunger, nakedness and cold,  
 'With hard, unfeeling hearts, ye could behold ;  
 'When sick, or bound, to aid me ye forbore,  
 'And when a stranger, thrust me from your  
     door.'

Thus to the wicked. They the weighty charge  
 Would fain deny, and plead their cause at  
     large,

As if not guilty. But the King proceeds ;  
 'As to my brethren in their various needs  
 'Ye did it not, your doom will justly be,  
 'As if in fact ye did it not to me.'

This heard, they sink to ever during pains,  
 The righteous rise where joy eternal reigns.

How sad the sinner's case ! His mouth is  
     stopp'd ;  
 His expectation ended ; all he hop'd  
 Of good is gone. But should he urge the plea,  
 That in the word some glimmerings one might  
     see

Of restoration from his awful state,  
 When some few ages have fulfil'd their date,  
 How would his soul sink down in dark despair  
 To hear the Judge explicitly declare :—

"I warn'd you plainly to avoid the fire  
 Which never's quench'd ; to mortify desire  
 Of what is ill, and shun the woful place,  
 Where the worm, guilt, survives to endless  
     days.



Did I then trifle? Was my meaning this,  
 The fire is endless, you may rise to bliss,  
 When some few ages shall have pass'd away,  
 And leave poor guilt to endless flames a prey?  
 Base implication! Would I thus deceive,  
 And by deception make the world believe,  
 Save bolder spirits, that its lusts expose  
 To real, dreadful, everlasting woes,  
 When no such thing's intended? They blas-  
     pheme,  
 Who thus pervert my truth's unerring beam.  
 When I would make the holy patriarch say,  
 A gulph tremendous intercepts the way  
 'Twixt heaven and hell, a gulph, which can't  
     be past,  
 Have you, more skilful, found a way at last  
 To overleap it? Impudent and vain!  
 The wilful error doubly bolts your chain.  
 When souls redeem'd shall praise in heaven  
     my name,  
 And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,  
*Praise, endless praise to our Redeemer, God,*  
*Who bought our ransom with his precious blood,*  
 Will you, the debt immense of justice paid,  
 By your own suffering, in the balance weigh'd,  
 Be found not wanting, and among them stand  
 To marr the anthems of the blood-bought  
     band?

" Have I not plainly said, *the night will*  
     *come,*  
*When none can work;* and will you prove that  
     some

In that same night, the night beyond the grave,  
 Can work to purpose, and from ruin save  
 Their souls, then lost ?—There is a deadly sin,  
 Which springs from such malicious hate  
 within

Against the Holy Ghost, it never knows  
 The softening tear, which from repentance  
 flows,

Nor finds forgiveness, nor in earth, nor hell,  
 But seals the soul in endless pains to dwell.  
 And dost thou, rebel, dare affirm it may  
 Receive forgiveness in some future day ?

“ The wretched wantons, who polluted die,  
 Must in their filth a long forever lie ;  
 So in the gospel’s utmost, closing page  
 I have impli’d ; and dare you then engage  
 They will be wash’d, and from the lake ascend,  
 Among the saints an endless day to spend ?  
 If my blest volume in its parts no more  
 Than this agree, you may your toil give o’er,  
 My word abandon, give it to the wind,  
 And in some other name your future safety  
 find.”

“ Ye sons of men, ye sinners—all are such  
 From Adam sprung ; be little, or be much  
 Your share of knowledge, this you all may  
 know,  
 God is your Maker, all on earth below,  
 And all in heaven proceeds from his wise  
 hands,  
 And he is just in all his law commands.

That you are sinners your own conscience tells,  
 Your sum of guilt each lawless purpose swells.  
 For such as you my gospel brings the balm  
 To heal your souls, and your just fears to calm;  
 My holy word the only way reveals  
 To move the weight the laboring conscience  
 feels.

The way is this : made sick at heart of sin,  
 Deny and leave it. As your lives have been  
 Slaves to the devil, let them now be free  
 From his vile service, and be bound to me.  
 This is repentance. Then with joy receive  
 What God's true record calls you to believe  
 Of me, my nature, sufferings, work and grace;  
 And on this record in reliance place  
 Your hope, that God in his abundant love  
 Will freely pardon, justify, and move  
 Your souls by his good Spirit to obey  
 His law, and run in his most holy way.  
 This is true faith. This do, and ye shall live;  
 This do in truth, and God will freely give  
 Not for your sakes indeed, but mine alone,  
 A title sure to an eternal throne  
 Of state in glory, and a crown of peace,  
 And joy extatic, which shall never cease.  
 This is the way. 'Tis simple, clear and plain,  
 None who pursue it, will pursue in vain.  
 But if you slight it, and refuse, till death  
 Comes with commission to remove your breath,  
 Know—for by oath I solemnly protest,  
 Your souls undone, shall never see my rest."

“ Come then, ye simple, bow a friendly ear,  
 My admonitions with attention hear ;  
 Take the rich, proffer'd grace, nor deem it  
 hard

To part with sin for heaven's divine reward.  
 Does not the merchant wait with sleepless eyes,  
 Till his rich barque shall bring the golden  
 prize

O'er the broad tract of wide extended seas,  
 And feel dependent on the favoring breeze ?  
 How toils the husbandman, what pains endures,  
 Till timely rain, till genial heat matures  
 The crown of his desires, and Autumn yields  
 The yellow harvest from the smiling fields ?  
 How fights the warrior, how he dares expose  
 His life, his all, to meet invading foes !

Why thus ? For this ; he hopes the time will  
 come,

Though years may intervene, when, welcom'd  
 home,

And crown'd with victory, all his toils shall  
 cease,

And leave him resting in the arms of peace.

“ And will not you, since now through grace  
 you may,

My kind advice, ye sons of men, obey,  
 And join my standard, and with hell and sin,  
 Arm'd with resolve, the contest now begin,  
 And fight unyielding, till the field is won,  
 And you are crown'd ? Or will you be undone  
 Through sinful sloth ? O choose the better way,  
 And reign with me in realms of endless day.”

*Address to the intemperate ; an imitation of  
Bruce's address to his soldiers.*

Friends, whom oft I would have fed  
With the choice of heavenly bread,  
Given by him, who freely bled  
Once on Calvary ;

If in sober mind you think  
Best your precious souls to sink  
In inebriating drink,  
Give no heed to me.

But if you your souls would save,  
If you've hopes beyond the grave,  
If in virtue you'd be brave,  
Hear my warning voice ;

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
Lest the dragon you devour,  
Rise and break his fatal power,  
Heaven will then rejoice.

Who so base would live a *sot*,  
Fix upon his name a blot,  
Die despis'd, and be forgot ?  
Let him tempt the snare.

Would you rise to high renown ?  
Would you wear in heaven a crown ?  
Dare to meet a mortal's frown,  
To be temperate dare.

Now the resolution make ;  
Quit your cups, your wine forsake ;



the narrow path I trace,  
 While I thro' this meadow stray,  
 Pleasant is thy silver beam  
 Shining on the rippling stream.

Through the thickets' darksome shade—  
 Must I thro' the thicket venture ?  
 It makes me much afraid,  
 While its gloomy arch I enter,  
 Hast the wild-cat, wolf, or bear,  
 Lying in secret ambush there.

Now 'tis open field again,  
 Light around, and open sky ;  
 Now I see the poney's pen,  
 Now my father's cot is nigh.  
 Homeward thro' the field I stray,  
 Moonlight marks my lonely way.

Tell me, queen of lonely night,  
 Are the stars thy children dear ?  
 Will, one day, their faces bright  
 Large and round, as thine appear ?  
 O how light would be my way !  
 Then the night would seem like day.

Wast thou partner with the sun,  
 When the fields and hills he made,  
 When he bid the rivers run,  
 When the forest wide he spread ?  
 Didst thou help him spring the fountain  
 Didst thou help him raise the mountain

Didst thou help him make the Doe,  
 With her flesh so rich and sweet ;  
 Buck, and Elk, and Buffaloe,  
 All to give us daily meat ?  
 In our cottage, O how bless'd  
 On their skins by night to rest.

Did you make the corn, the bean ?  
 Did you make the pumpkin round ?  
 Did you spread the flowery green,  
 To adorn the open ground ?  
 Pretty flowers, how sweet they smell !  
 Who their many names can tell ?

O, now tell me, did you make  
 Lightning, stormy wind, and thunder,  
 Ugly toads, the poison snake ?  
 Who could make such things, I wonder !  
 Are they useful ? Do we need them ?  
 Did not night and darkness breed them ?

Now, my brother, is it *you* ?  
 Why so late ? Had you been near,  
 When I pass'd the dark shade thro',  
 'Twould have banish'd all my fear.  
 But pray tell me, who's within  
 Sitting on the Buffle's skin ?

Sister, 'tis a Mission-man,  
 Come to tell who made the sky,  
 Made the earth, and how we can  
 All be happy, when we die ;  
 How Great Spirit dwells above,  
 Very holy, full of love.



Says we all one sister, brother,  
 From one couple all descend ;  
 All one father, all one mother,  
 And should all be friend and friend,  
 But, as we our lives begin,  
 So we live in guilt and sin.

Now, my brother, I don't think it ;  
 White man's very bad, you know ;  
 He makes whiskey, make us drink it,  
 Much good will he seems to show ;  
 But will rob us, cheat and leave us ;  
 Mind, this white man will deceive us.

Sister, we'll go in, and hear,  
 His interpreter will tell ;  
 Silent, we may all sit near,  
 And may understand him well.  
 If he speak what's good and kind,  
 We may his instruction mind.

#### PART SECOND.

Friendly Moon, with snowy face,  
 Made to rule the darksome night,  
 Now again my path I trace,  
 Aided by thy silver light.  
 Pleasant is thy snowy beam  
 On the forest, hill, and stream.

Pleasant are the lamps on high,  
 Hung around thy midnight throne,  
 Pleasant in the azure sky

Shines by day the golden sun.  
But ye all are creatures still,  
Guided by a Maker's will.

Far above you reigns in power  
An eternal, holy Lord ;  
Him should heaven and earth adore,  
Made by his creating word.  
Bow, my soul, before his face,  
Trophy now of sovereign grace.

Happy was the day, which brought  
To this distant, lonely wild,  
Him by whom my soul was taught.  
That I was of wrath a child.  
Guilty conscience in my breast  
Would not suffer me to rest.

" Whither shall a sinner fly ?  
" Who can save my soul from hell ?  
" Must my spirit, when I die,  
" Go with wicked fiends to dwell ?"  
O, my teacher, bid me see  
Jesus bleeding on a tree !

There was God and man united,  
God, to raise the merit high ;  
Man, to be rejected, slighted,  
Man, to suffer, bleed, and die.  
On this precious rock I fall,  
Christ to me is all in all.

Now creation round me smiles ;  
While I feel this peace within,

Nought looks dark, but satan's wiles,  
 And that deadly evil, *sin*.  
 Whither now is fled my fear ?  
 All is joy and quiet here.

O my brother, is it you ?  
 Why so soon ? I'm not afraid ;  
 While I pass the dark shade thro',  
 Tho' alone, I nothing dread.  
 Never was by words express'd  
 Peace, like this within my breast.

Pleasant is the silver moon-beam,  
 Kindly smile the stars on high ;  
 Still more pleasant is the noon-beam  
 Shooting thro' the azure sky ;  
 Wafted on the gentle gale  
 Sweet the scent the flowers exhale.

Charming 'tis to hear the singing,  
 While the wild birds tune their lays,  
 Sweet to hear the water springing,  
 Where the copious fountain plays.  
 Much to hear the breeze I love,  
 Rustling thro' the leafy grove.

But to hear the joyful sound,  
*Pardon*, whisper'd in the ear,  
 Makes the heart with rapture bound,  
 Fills the soul with heavenly cheer.  
 O my brother, come with me ;  
 Jesus Christ can make you free.

Time will come, when I must die ;  
*Now* 'tis light beyond the grave ;

Then to bliss my soul will fly,  
 God's dear Son has power to save.  
 O my friends for heaven prepare,  
 Then ascend and meet me there.

Come, dear missionaries, come,  
 Teach wild sinners how to live ;  
 When you reach your heavenly home,  
 Christ a glorious crown will give ;  
 We with you our songs will raise  
 In an endless round of praise.

---

C hild of the forest, whence those heavenly  
 charms,  
 A nd whence those graces, which at length sur-  
 round thee ?  
 T he *Savior sought me, in the wilds he found*  
*me,*  
 H e *kindly holds and bears me in his arms.*  
 A rt thou not born of better blood than many,  
 R ais'd up so quickly to a rank so high ?  
 I am a sinner, vile by birth as any,  
 N or ought but grace has brought the stranger  
 nigh ;  
 E ach day, each hour, must grace my lamp supply.

B ut why so soon must loveliness decay ?  
 R ose the bright star to dazzle and expire ?  
 O n me the *Savior spread this bright array ;*  
 W as it to quench my life-lamp's glimmering fire ?  
 N o, but to fill with light my fleeting day.

*A Soul entering Paradise.*

Is it reality, or do I dream ?  
Where am I now ? In what new world my  
place ?

How great the change ! Just now I lay on  
earth

Struggling with pain severe. The prison'd soul  
Rush'd to each avenue to quit her cell ;  
But still her chains detain'd her ; on herself  
Back she recoil'd. Then fading memory fail'd :  
Then thought ran wild ; shade after shade  
roll'd on,

Till all was chaos, all was dark and drear,  
Save the faint glimmerings of expiring light,  
Just ready to leap out. There came a hand  
Open and broad ; it fell ; I seem'd no more—  
As from the smitten steel the brilliant spark  
Leaps forth, I spring to life and light again.  
I seem all eye ; a vast, ethereal scene  
Of heavenly brightness all around expands.  
Rank beyond rank, in wide perspective view,  
Hosts of bright angels in divine array,  
And ransom'd spirits o'er the crystal plain,  
Stand, with their harps and viols tun'd for  
praise.

I seem all hearing. Such melodious notes,  
And strains sublime, as never pour'd their  
charms

On mortal ear, my every power entrance.  
I seem all feeling. To each sound responds  
A sweet vibration ; gentle now ; then strong,

When the vast chorus lifts aloft the strain.  
 So does the eye respond to varied scenes,  
 Now beautiful, and now sublime. The pass-  
     ing breeze  
 Is aromatic, 'tis a sweet perfume  
 Of more than human mixture—essences divine.

I seem all mind. The intellectual view  
 Is bright and keen, while new perceptions rise  
 Of moral beauty, and in just array  
 Class'd and distinguish'd, in succession pour  
 On mental vision. Memory wakes and calls,  
 With speed of lightning, former days to view,  
 Pass'd on the earth, with all their checker'd  
     scenes  
 Of vanity and sin. In long array  
 Past pains and pleasures, hopes, and joys, and  
     fears,  
 Remorse, repentings, brokenness of heart,  
 Peace, consolation, all before me move,  
 With all the stores of treasur'd knowledge,  
     drawn  
 From wide creation, from the word of God.  
 O what transcendent wisdom now appears,  
 What love to being, what good will to man,  
 From wide creation, from this word divine!

I seem all heart and soul. Love glows  
     within ;  
 Joy springs and triumphs ; gratitude awakes ;  
 Thankful emotions, like a swelling stream,  
 Flow from my breast, as from a living spring,  
 And roll their current to the throne of him,

Who dweels in light, and spread, and wash the  
feet

Of him, whose face is like the noon-day sun,  
His radiance round him like the heavenly bow,  
His robes of snowy whiteness, girt around  
The paps with gold.—Who is this lovely one?  
It is my Savior; he, whose blood redeem'd  
These countless thousands, who around me  
stand

In robes of glory, near to angels rais'd  
In wisdom, power, and love.—Where now that  
load

I bore on earth, which press'd me sorely down  
Year after year, and brought me to the verge  
Of desperation? 'Tis entirely gone,  
'Tis gone forever! O how light I feel!  
How free to move, to run, to fly, to rise,  
As guides the will of him, who reigns my king.

But who are ye?

O my belov'd, my late familiar friends!  
From earth ye fled, on earth were seen no  
more.

But are ye here? Dear partners of my joy,  
Are we then safe? O what a thrill of bliss  
To know—nor sin, nor satan, nor a world of  
snares

Shall further harm us.—Hark, Immanuel calls;  
Come, our bright angels, hand in hand we go  
Before the throne to worship.—Come thou  
bless'd,

“Take from my hand the holy crown I give  
“To all, who love me. Enter on, and share

"The happy kingdom long ago prepar'd,  
 "And kept in safe reserve. My father gives  
 "This high reward, and condescends to be  
 "Your father too."—My Lord, my God !  
 Thou art all worthy ; thou on earth wast slain,  
 And hast redeem'd us by thy precious blood,  
 From every kindred, nation, people, tongue,  
 And to our God hast made us priests and kings,  
 And we shall reign, forever reign, with thee.

---

*Sleep.*

O sleep, thou subtle foe,  
 Thy lulling poppies shed,  
 Soft, as the flakes of falling snow,  
 Their slumbers o'er my head.

Ye guardians of our souls,  
 Teach me a snare to shun,  
 Which oft my every power controls,  
 Ere yet my task is done.

Arm'd with her silken bands,  
 Tiptoe she comes behind,  
 And has the address my feet, my hands,  
 Immoveably to bind.

Her fairy fingers move  
 Gently my eyelids o'er,  
 Suspend the weights, which heavy prove.  
 And seal up vision's door.



Artful, the key she turns,  
Which locks my senses fast,  
While yet the early candle burns,  
Nor evening yet is past.

Oft, too, she comes by day,  
While precious time demands  
My studious care, and steals away  
The blessing from my hands.

Gone, ah ! forever lost,  
Full many an hour I mourn,  
Nor can Peru supply the cost  
To purchase their return.

Oft I resolve, and pray,  
And struggle, all in vain ;  
Perceiv'd, she does but slip away,  
To come unseen again.

O sleep, of lulling powers,  
Haste with thy dreams to flee ;  
Take but thine own appointed hours,  
And leave the rest to me.

Go, make thy silent home,  
Where death and ruin rest,  
Deep in the dark and dreary tomb,  
Nor me by day molest.

Go, my affliction, go,  
And come uncall'd no more,  
Lest, as against a treacherous foe,  
I rise, and bar the door.

I wrong thee, gentle guest,  
 Kind gift of nature's Lord ;  
 By thee the cheerless night is blest,  
 And all our powers restor'd.

Call'd, when the season claims,  
 When call'd, with prudence us'd,  
 Then at the hour which reason names,  
 Dismiss'd, and not abus'd.

Blameless thou art ; the fault  
 Is truly all my own ;  
 My sluggish nature bids thee halt,  
 Even when thou wouldst be gone.

Indulg'd by me at first,  
 To lull my lazy frame,  
 While active labors bid me burst  
*Thy* bands, and hear *their* claim,

The mournful habit grew,  
 Which causes now my grief,  
 The evil, which I sadly rue,  
 From which I seek relief.

Go, Sleep—I blame thee not,  
 But now awhile retire ;  
 Till nature, night, and wearied thought  
 Thy kind return require.

Then come at nature's call,  
 And let thy poppies shed,  
 Softly, as downy snow-flakes fall,  
 Their slumbers o'er my head.

'Tir'd nature thus restore,  
 And with the early dawn  
 Leave me my Maker to adore,  
 And thro' the day be gone.

Leave me to serious thought,  
 Reflection, labor, care,  
 In these the good of all be sought,  
 While heaven's kind gifts I share

---

*Invitation to Love.*

O Love, thou blest fountain of peace,  
 Come dwell in my conquered breas  
 'Tis thine to cause envy to cease,  
 And hush our rude passions to rest.

The great King of glory above  
 Has made thee his constant abode,  
 The great King of glory is love,  
 For love is the name of our God.

Who dwells in this grace so divine,  
 The brightest in mansions of light,  
 His graces all pleasantly shine,  
 In God he still dwells with delight.

O Love, of sweet union the band,  
 Where hearts are united by thee,  
 In harmony thousands may stand,  
 Like brothers and sisters agree.

By thee was the Savior brought down,  
 From regions of glory above,  
 By thee has obtain'd a bright crown,  
 Which shines to the honor of love.

By thee he was led to endure  
 A curse, that our souls might be free ;  
 To shed his blood costly and pure,  
 To ransom such wretches, as we.

What love without measure appears  
 In such an example as this !  
 On earth the Believer it cheers,  
 But triumphs in regions of bliss.

Sweet Love, it is thine there to be  
 The bondage eternal of souls ;  
 All bound in this bondage are free,  
 And nothing their pleasure controls.

O haste, and with us build a throne,  
 Bring down the bright bliss of the skies ;  
 Let earth thy kind victories own,  
 And learn thy sweet bondage to prize.

The tide of our years we'll improve,  
 Till time with us here is no more,  
 Then plunge in an ocean of love,  
 Which knows neither bottom nor shore.

---

*Spiritual Darkness.*

Alas, this gloomy frame !  
 How sinks the fainting heart ;

**Distressing sorrow, guilt and shame,  
Prevail in every part.**

**Upward I look, but why ?  
My prayers are all amiss ;  
I look within, I look and sigh ;  
How sad a state is this !**

**The joys of seasons past  
Are fled away and gone ;  
When will this gloomy night be past,  
And when will morning dawn ?**

**When shall I find my God ?  
When see my Savior's face ?  
When will kind mercy shed abroad  
Its soul reviving rays ?**

**Sunk is my heart ; I make  
Some faint attempts to pray ;  
Deceitful slumbers quickly take  
The life of prayer away.**

**Tho' shaken too and fro,  
My slumbering frame I keep ;  
Enough awake for sin and wo,  
To all besides asleep.**

**O, 'tis a painful state !  
How void of heavenly peace ;  
When will my gloomy fears abate ?  
And when my slumbers cease ?**

**Guilt, fear, and sleep divide  
The listless, lingering hours ;**

While these continue, all beside  
A canker still devours.

My fear is still too small  
To urge my soul to fly,  
And on the Rock of Ages fall,  
And to his grace apply.

My guilt is great indeed,  
But O, my stubborn heart !  
The flinty thing—it will not bleed,  
So hard is every part.

How long shall I remain  
In this distressing case ?  
Duty a burden, sin a pain,  
Asleep to every grace.

O for a heart to move !  
To linger here is death.  
O could I lift my thoughts above,  
And die to all beneath.

How shall I break these bands ?  
A slave in prison still !  
Take me, dear Jesus, in thy hands,  
And heal me, if thou will.

A wretch deserving hell,  
I fly to thee alone ;  
Save, if thou please, if not, 'tis well ;  
Thy holy will be done.

*A Christian Grace.*

There is a grace, it springs from heaven,  
To soothe the breast of sorrow given,  
To calm the storm, when passions rise,  
And dry the tear from gushing eyes.

It is a grace of birth divine,  
Ordain'd in saints alone to shine,  
For in the sinner all that seems  
Its like is but of nature's beams.

This grace the needful aid bestows,  
To calm distress, the mind compose,  
To blunt the edge of every ill,  
And say to murmuring thoughts, Be still !

Does pale disease our frame invade ?  
Are we on beds of sickness laid ?  
It kindly checks the rising sigh,  
And wings the lingering hours to fly.

Do neighbors strive; are friends unkind ?  
Would broils domestic vex the mind ?  
It lends a shelter where to hide,  
Till the fierce tempest shall subside.

Whene'er our zeal for God may raise  
Fell persecution's envious blaze,  
This grace supplies the copious stream  
To cool the smart, and quench the flame.

Does Christ his wonted smiles withhold,  
Displeas'd, because our love is cold ?

Are hope, and joy, and comfort gone,  
And every pleasure far withdrawn ?

Then give this grace a home to rest  
A welcome inmate in our breast ;  
Our holy love again will burn,  
And Christ with cheering smiles return.

Seems the way long to heavenly bliss,  
Thro' such a wilderness as this ?  
Do scorching sands, and beasts of prey,  
And fiery serpents give dismay ?

This grace, if welcom'd, will sustain  
Our fainting souls, and soothe our pain ;  
Like angels' hands will bear us o'er  
Danger and death to Canaan's shore.

Celestial Grace ! Do christians claim  
One token more to teach its name ?  
'Tis that which gives the best relief  
In all our woes, and *smiles at grief*.

*The Lily of the Vale.*

There is a flower, which here below  
In nature's garden will not grow,  
But in the soil which grace prepares,  
And which a heavenly influence shares.

It springs beside a sister flower  
Of stature low, but fragrant power,



Which on its breast in figures plain  
Displays a heart that's rent in twain.

This lowly flowret oft appears  
With dew drops hung, like drops of tears,  
And seems to say with modest mein,  
These are the tears, which fall for sin.

Where once the sun-flower stood in pride,  
Was rooted up, and fell, and died,  
With fragrance sweet, as morning rose,  
This flower amidst the ruin grows.

Not on the hill, which rises high,  
But where the lowly vallies lie,  
This lovely plant with bowing head  
Blooms half conceal'd amidst the shade.

When rebel man is sorely press'd  
With guilt for sin, and finds no rest,  
Then let him try its healing power,  
And in his bosom hide the flower.

While here the fragrant plant he wears,  
The lowly plant, bedew'd with tears,  
Its sweet perfume will rise to heaven,  
And God will speak his sins forgiven,

Yes, from his high and holy throne  
The Lord will look and kindly own  
This man among the precious few,  
Who shall shall his face in glory view.

When God's own Son from heaven came down,  
 He laid aside his ~~starry~~ crown,  
 And, as our pattern, daily wore  
 On his own breast this lowly flower.

Peace to the mourning soul that minds  
 Heaven's faithful marks, and seeks and finds  
 This plant, which can such sweets exhale,  
 It is the *Lily of the vale*.

*Thy will be done.*

God has a will of ancient date,  
 A purpose firm and wise ;  
 A fix'd decree, from which the state  
 Of all that is, must rise.

In view of this, 'tis ours to say,  
 As years and ages run,  
 Whatever is, from day to day,  
 O God, *thy will be done*.

Have hosts of angels left the state,  
 In which they first were form'd,  
 And long ago in fierce debate  
 Against their sovereign arm'd ?

Is human nature sunk in sin ?  
 Is all its glory gone ?  
 'Tis ours to hush the storm within,  
 And say, *Thy will be done*.

Do sickness, pain, and many an ill  
Our mortal frames assail

A lot, which cares and crosses fill,  
Does dying man bewail ?

Tho' many a soul is wreck'd and lost,  
May we the danger shun,  
Be calm, and say, (tho' often cross'd,)  
My God, *thy will be done.*

But when from God's enlightning word  
We learn his wondrous ways,  
That from the wrath of man the Lord  
Will draw immortal praise ;

That power and wisdom will complete  
The plan immense begun ;  
We fall at our Jehovah's feet,  
And say, *Thy will be done.*

So when we view the plan of grace,  
That God's own Son came down  
To save from sin a chosen race,  
And raise them to a crown ;

Amaz'd we see in this how love  
And justice, join'd in one,  
Call heaven and earth the plan to approve,  
And say, *Thy will be done.*

Nor only this, but when we read  
God's will in his commands,  
That every thought, and word, and deed  
From all our hearts and hands,

Should holy be, upright and pure,  
Tho' spread before the sun ;  
Sustain'd by grace, we still endure  
To say, *Thy will be done.*

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24.

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